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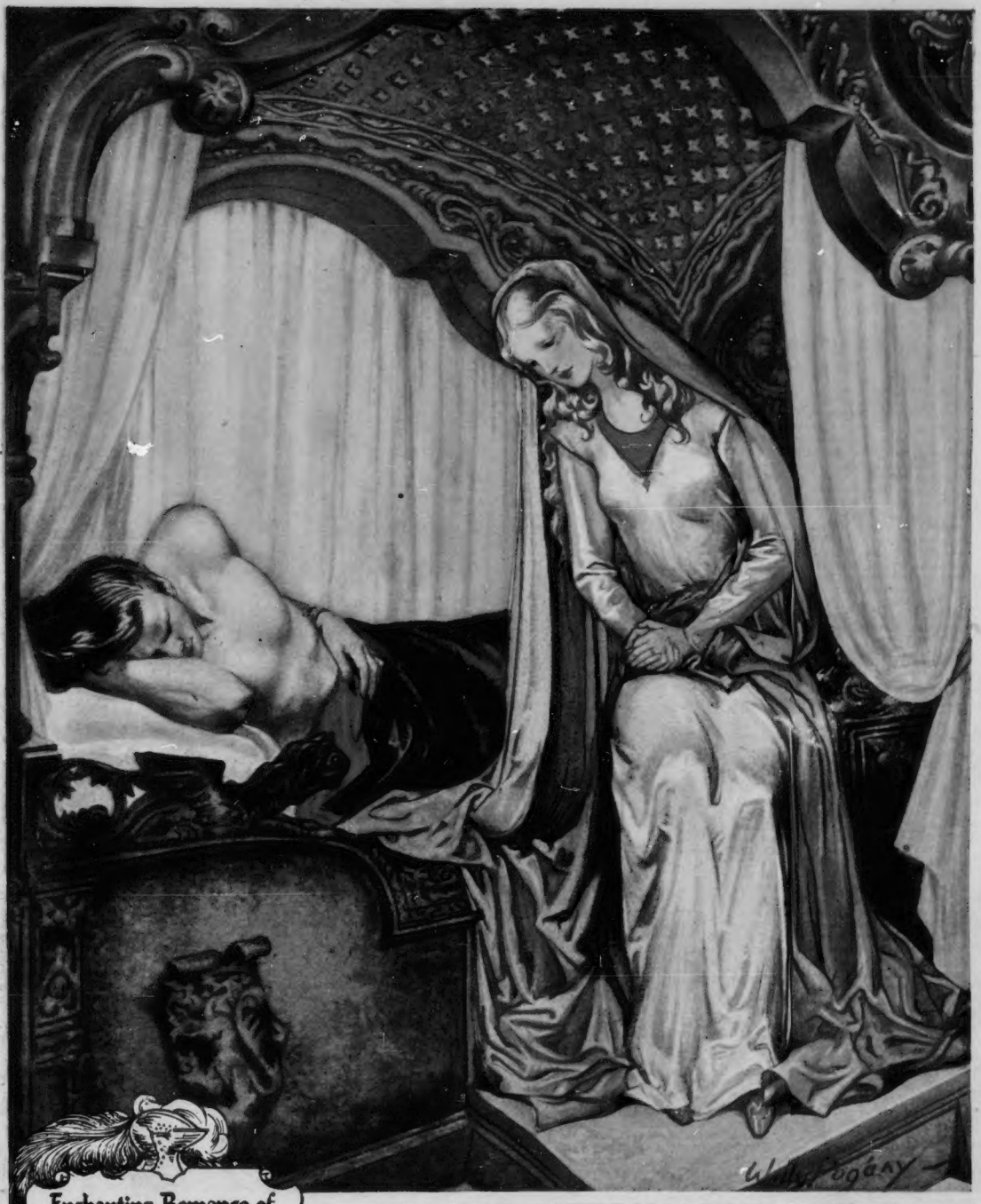

Enchanting Romance of King Arthur's Court
Told by John Erskine
On Next Page

Geraint and Enid

Painting by Willy Pogany

Enid's SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND

When the Gown Was Completed, Enid Went Cheerfully to Court and Was Married to Geraint.

By John Erskine

GERAINT appeared at the tournament to challenge Sparrow Hawk. Enid was there, too, since no challenger could be present without the lady he loved best.

When Geraint, therefore, asked Enid to grace the tournament by her presence, he was declaring his love and his devotion, and when she promised to come, she was accepting him in case he survived the fight.

Her father, the Earl Yniol, lent him a suit of armor.

The Sparrow Hawk, of course, came with his own favorite lady, attended by the disagreeable dwarf. When he led her toward the best seat, Geraint defied him, saying that there was a worthier lady.

With that the fight was on, and neither champion had the advantage until Earl Yniol, in the excitement, called to Geraint, "Remember the insult he did the Queen!"

Then Geraint, adding his wish to avenge Queen Guinevere to the disposition he already had to crack the Sparrow Hawk's skull, heaved up his sword and brought it down hard.

The rusty blade cut through the Sparrow Hawk's helmet into the bone. Prostrate, the villain said his real name was Edryn, and he might as well give up.

Then Geraint, following the correct etiquette for such occasions, commanded the fellow to get up from the ground and ride to Arthur's court with his lady and the dwarf.

When he had apologized to the Queen, she would decide what to do with him next. But the castle on the side of the valley must be given back at once to Earl Yniol. Unless Edryn was ready to pay these two forfeits, Geraint would cut his throat at once.

So the defeated Edryn rose from the ground without medical aid, and departed toward Arthur's court, followed in slow procession by the disconsolate lady and the dwarf.

Then Geraint explained that as soon as Enid could prepare her trousseau, they would be married at court in the presence of Guinevere who, having cordially disposed toward him, wished to do honor to his bride.

This was good news, but Enid began to worry about her only gown, the one she was wearing when Geraint first saw her. She had no other.

When the villainous knight Sparrow Hawk insulted Queen Guinevere in Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," Geraint, a knight of King Arthur's Round Table, tracked him down. In the process he met Enid, daughter of Earl Yniol, whom the Sparrow Hawk had robbed. Learning there was to be a tournament the following day, Geraint decided to tarry.

But her mother thought of a new dress she had been designing three years earlier, before Edryn, the Sparrow Hawk, captured their fine castle and drove them into poverty.

Now the unfinished gown was completed, and Enid went cheerfully to court and was married to Geraint, with Guinevere standing by.

The new gown seemed magnificent, even in that splendid company, but Enid had brought the older gown also, in case it should be needed.

They lived at the court for a while, until Geraint asked King Arthur's permission to return to his own lands, where he was badly needed to drive out some bandits.

In Lady Guest's "Mabinogion," the collection of Arthurian legends translated from the Welsh, Geraint makes this request because his father, Erbin, was growing old and wanted him to look after the property.

Tennyson, in his "Idylls of the King," gives a different reason. He says that at the court Geraint began to hear the first rumors of scandal about the Queen and Sir Launcelot.

Knowing how beautiful Enid was, and the fondness of Guinevere for her, he feared that in this unhappy atmosphere the character of his wife might be undermined by the admiration of unscrupulous courtiers.

So he took her home to the land of Devon, from which he came.

Having his bride, as he thought, safe from temptation, he tried to make her happy in ways which he imagined would please. He waited upon her constantly.

Instead of cleaning out the thieves and bandits from his territories, as he had told the King he wished to do; instead of riding to the hunt or exercising himself in tournaments, he never stirred from Enid's presence.

Puzzled by his conduct, she became unhappy. It must be, she thought, that he was disappointed in her. If now he grew soft and indolent, she must be the cause.

One summer dawn as they lay sleeping side by side, the sun striking her eyes woke her.

Geraint slept on, but in his sleep he threw off the coverlet, bearing his massive chest, his muscular arms.

Then Enid, grieving because that strength and that youth was no longer put to chivalrous exercise for King Arthur, began to weep silently.

In spite of her love, she would rather see him wounded in some noble war than slipping into shame through infatuation with her. If she were the right kind of wife, she would know how to keep him true to his better self.

When Geraint awoke, and saw her tears, he thought, "She weeps for one of those knights at Arthur's court."

Then springing up he ordered her to put on her oldest dress and ride with him. She must ride in front, he told her, and no matter what she saw or heard, she must not speak to him.

Though it seemed that he had lost his mind, she obeyed, or wished to obey. But what she saw and heard put her obedience to a severe test.

Bad knights were more numerous than good ones in King Arthur's day, and, as might be expected, some of them were waiting on the journey that Mr. Erskine will describe in the next episode.

Illustrated by R. F. SCHABELITZ

DOCTORS PROVE 2 out of 3 women can have lovelier skin in 14 DAYS!

CINDERELLA THOUGHT SHE HAD IT TOUGH! I'D RATHER GO DRESSED IN RAGS THAN WITH THIS DULL, OILY COMPLEXION OF MINE!
NO FAIRY GODMOTHER CAN HELP YOU, SUE, BUT THE PALMOLIVE PLAN PROBABLY WILL!
WHY, JANE— IS THAT WHAT GAVE YOUR SKIN SUCH FRESH, BRIGHT COLOR?
YOU BET! YOU KNOW, 36 DOCTORS... LEADING SKIN SPECIALISTS... TESTED THE PALMOLIVE PLAN ON 1285 WOMEN AND PROVED IT CAN BRING A LOVELIER COMPLEXION TO 2 OUT OF 3... IN JUST 14 DAYS!
SUE TRIES THE PLAN!
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C. DO THIS 3 TIMES A DAY FOR 14 DAYS. THIS CLEANSING MASSAGE BRINGS YOUR SKIN PALMOLIVE'S FULL BEAUTIFYING EFFECT!
14 DAYS LATER...
NO MAGIC WAND GOT ME MY MAN... 'TWAS THE TRIED AND PROVED PALMOLIVE PLAN!

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This **NEW** Colgate-Palmolive-Peet **SUDS** saves you work and it's **milder** to hands!

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Instant SUDS in hardest, coldest water!

Blondell's Favorite Husband

By Warren Hall

WHEN Joan Blondell was a Wampas baby in 1931—long before "Night Nurse" and "Three Men on a Horse" and "Gold Diggers of 1937" or more recently "The Corpse Came C.O.D."—she described her favorite type of man as short and dark.

Joan has him today in Michael Todd, the Broadway producer, whom the late Damon Runyon labeled "a short, chunky, dark, dynamic fellow with a big cigar in his mouth."

He's her third husband, and he certainly comes closer to her bygone beau-ideal than No. 1, the movie cameraman George Scott Barnes, who towered half a head above his wife's honeyed locks, or No. 2, Dick Powell, who used to be a tallish, lightish crooner and is now a tallish, lightish tough guy.

She almost didn't get Mike—or he her—because they couldn't decide whether to get over a mad-on.

They did, upsetting some predictions of their friends, and on a recent Friday morning they stood before the Rev. R. V. Carpenter in El Rancho Vegas Hotel at Las Vegas, Nev., and were married.

So Joan got what she gaily dubbed "The Old Todd" and proceeded to remodel him completely. Runyon had called him "the greatest natural gambler I ever knew" and wrote a story about his frigid disregard of high stakes, but the new Todd won't even play gin rummy for a tenth of a cent a point. He's seriously considering starting an organization of reformed chance-takers to be named "Gamblers Anonymous."

The pre-Blondell Todd used to think of home as a place to receive mail, but Joan insisted on a clause in their marriage contract in which he promised to be home at 7:30 each evening—and stay there. He's buying a place in the country, just 40 minutes from Broadway, so he can keep that pledge as soon as they set up housekeeping. He's even resigned as Abbot of the Friars' Club because his duties might tend to keep him out evenings.

The Todd of yesterday wore rainbow-hued raiment guaranteed to put out an eye at 40 paces. Except for his prognathous jaw and bear-trap mouth, the new one might be mistaken for a conservative clergyman.

The unremodeled Todd had thoughts only for the legitimate stage, but the Blondell version is going to branch into movies. He intends to make—in the East—at least one picture a year starring his wife.

They began sprinkling stardust in each other's eyes in 1943 when Todd's "Something for the Boys" and "Star and Garter" were grossing him $60,000 a week on Broadway.

Joan took a sabbatical from the screen to have a look at the legitimate stage and Todd wanted to find a part for her in "Something for the Boys."

New York-born Joan already had stage and screen success behind her then. Her parents being vaudevillians, she made her debut behind the footlights at 18 months and stayed with the theatre until she went to Hollywood.

Her new husband, on the other hand, reached Broadway by a route so circuitous that it looked like the floor plan for a maze.

He became the youngest apprentice pharmacist in Illinois, a trunk boy for a shoe salesman, a professional runner of sales for small businesses, founder and director of the College of Bricklaying, a builder, sound-proofing expert in Hollywood studios, and a radio script writer.

"I went into show business as a premeditated crime," he explains now, and recalls that then, in 1934, he wrote the scripts for Olsen and Johnson in Chicago. That led him easily to the Chicago Fair and the famous Flame Dance he devised for the "Streets of Paris," in which Murial Page's clothing was burned off several times a day.

Having had a hand in one world's fair, the lure of another was overpowering. To Flushing Meadows he went with "Hot Mikado" in 1939 and in 1940 he was also in charge of such didoes as "Dancing Campus," "Gay New Orleans" and "Streets of Paris."

With the fairs in the past, he concentrated on Broadway, and one success followed another.

"Up in Central Park" made him such a chunk of dough he put $200,000 into producing it in movieland's Hollywood Bowl, which seats about 20,000.

He also bought a slice of stock in Del Mar, the race track north of San Diego, to put new life in old nags.

Todd has his idiosyncrasies, too. He dislikes going to bed and will sit up as long as anybody will talk (or listen) to him. Also, he once rented a house in New York's West 56th Street which he liked to tell friends was haunted.

Such characteristics provide him something in common with Joan, whose favorite meal is (or used to be) hamburger and apple cider.

Todd's first wife, Bertha, died in 1946 at Santa Monica, Cal., during an operation. They have a son, Michael M. Todd, 17.

Joan has a son, too, Norman Scott Barnes, 13. Her marriage to Powell took place in 1936, a year after her divorce from Barnes. They had a daughter, Ellen, and were divorced in 1944.

Maybe this new marriage will be different. Joan hopes so. At least she has what she's always wanted—"a short, chunky, dark, dynamic fellow," and she's providing him with the virtues she's always admired.

Three-Times-Married Joan, Now Mrs. Mike Todd, Is Sure She Has at Last Found the Kind of a Short Dark Man She Has Always Been Looking For.

By Jack Stone

'I'll remember you in my will'

"DON'T worry...I'll remember you in my will."

Those alluring words have been heard and believed by countless trusting souls.

More often than not, when the will is read, their only reward is the memory of many little services performed with patience and devotion.

Unfortunately, that kind of compensation has no cash value. In such instances, will contests often ensue.

Alfred E. Norris, who died at the age of 84 in a New York City hospital, was apparently one who often spoke of his will.

Mr. Norris remembered Wilma Dippe, his trained nurse, twice. The first time he put her down in his testament for a $2,000 bequest. Later he raised the amount to $17,000.

But his daughter, socially prominent Mrs. Dorothy N. Harkness, filed suit to break the will on the grounds he was incompetent.

Wilma's lawyer contended that up until the day of his death, Mr. Norris was quite capable of clipping, lighting and smoking a cigar and was therefore capable of knowing his own mind. An out-of-court settlement for an undisclosed amount followed.

As this is written, however, May McManus, former actress, of Red Bank, N. J., is still seeking to share in the $500 000 estate left by Norris.

In a suit filed against Mrs. Harkness, chief beneficiary, May said that some time in 1921 Norris offered to pay her living expenses, estimated at $154 a month, and her medical and other unusual expenses for the rest of her life if she would give up the stage and spend more time with him.

She gave up her means of livelihood, said the actress, and turned her attention to Norris. The monthly payments were made through December, 1945, and in addition two savings accounts, totaling at his death $2,248, were opened for her, she said.

The savings, she claimed, were to tide her over until she could collect the $30,000 legacy Norris told her he was leaving her. Then Norris entered the hospital and his affairs were transacted by his daughter.

At first she was a welcome visitor in the hospital, May said, and then, suddenly, she was barred. She learned, she said, after Norris' death in November, 1946, that a will dated January 25, 1946, offered for probate by Mrs. Harkness, ignored her.

She contended this came about because Mrs. Harkness discredited her with Norris by making "fraudulent statements," saying she, May, had $20,000 in the bank and was the common-law wife of another man. Her suit for $30,000 plus $1,837 in back monthly payments is still pending.

Jefferson Seligman, international banker who died in New York at the age of 78, dispensed disappointment on a wholesale scale.

His beneficiaries, all beautiful young girls, numbered 16, but after six years of legal tenterhooks, they wound up with only pin money.

"Jeffie," as his beneficiaries called him, acquired his girl friends much as an entomologist gathers butterflies. His interest was purely scientific...he liked to watch their reactions under the lure of hard cash.

When a girl needed a dress he bought her a hat. If she were pressed for rent he'd give her a charge account in a store. Or he'd set her up in an apartment, furnitureless, and then leave her there indefinitely.

He seemed to derive a puckish pleasure out of their frustration.

He always held up the glamorous prospect of their being remembered in his will, too, no small prospect, in view of the fact Seligman was supposedly worth at least $3,000,000. At one time a total of 42 girls hovered about the aged banker, anxious to make his final list, but these were reduced to the ultimate 16 through a series of elaborate tests.

One of the tests was ingenious indeed. Seligman would ostensibly retire for the night, but actually hide himself and watch, through a series of skilfully placed mirrors, every move of his young guests. Beforehand he carefully placed piles of greenbacks in an open drawer, within full view of the tempted.

Some glanced casually at the fortune and passed on. One once woke him up to reprimand him for his carelessness. But others delved in and helped themselves. These, needless to say, were crossed off Seligman's list of beneficiaries.

He laid conversational traps to ascertain the girls' loyalty to him. When they failed, he cast them off.

The 16 faithful lit up like Christmas tree bulbs when Seligman's will was read. But that was only the beginning. The first shock came when they learned the estate was worth only $150,000.

Then, for six years, they went through mental agony while a suit against Seligman's firm threatened to take away everything. In 1943 the suit was dropped, but the proceeds had shrunk even further, and many of the girls had been forced to "sell" their legacies for living expenses.

Blanche Carpenter, blond divorcee, got $3,202.50; Mrs. Pierre Bultnick and Mrs. Alicia Griffith, cafe socialites, had borrowed themselves out of the running; Anita Egan, actress, garnered $8,050; Virginia and Marion Trabue, sister-actresses, got $7 000 each; Lucille Burleigh received $6,900 and Alma Hockstadter and Ethel Dinkelspiel each wound up with $460; Janet Carpenter Nelson got only $831.25; Mrs. Sanford Gwin, Dorothy Fischoff and May Rose Aymer each collected $2,875; Hazel Wiley, a model, and Mary Williamson got $2,300 each and Jessie Tickner won a scant $1,725.

William Guggenheim, 72, like Seligman, played host to pretty young girls. Unlike Seligman, however, the mining magnate was not on the prankish side. Nevertheless, his will was the biggest joke of all.

He left his entire estate, valued at more than $1,000,000, to four showgirls. They had enlivened his life and he wanted to reward them. His wife and son were cut off.

Followed litigation ruling out inclusion of a trust fund in the estate and the upshot of it was that Guggenheim's "fortune" shrank to $10,000. The four beauties benefited accordingly, much to their dismay.

The safest method of insuring future prosperity, it would seem, is to depend upon one's own ability and nothing else!

Mr. Seligman's Beneficiaries Could Not Afford to Be Tempted by the Money He Carefully Placed Around. He Watched Them Through Mirrors.

Vengeance Of Adele Verge

As Fred Kohl Left the Elevator Adele Verge Fired Once and the Millionaire Dropped, Crying: "She's Got Me! Look Out!"

By Gene Coughlin

MLLE. ADELE VERGE even as a young woman was nothing like the Hollywood, or Broadway, conception of the typical French maid.

Her sturdy calves were encased in cotton, not black silk stockings.

Her eyes didn't rove and flirt with the master of the house; nor did she aspire to elope with the master's son, thereby becoming mistress of the master's millions.

Adele Verge had no social aspirations whatsoever. And yet, in her weird way, she exerted a terrific and tragic influence on one of the First Families of San Francisco; broke up a home and drove a millionaire, tottering on the border line of sanity, to suicide.

The story of Mlle. Verge, and the fabulously wealthy Kohl family, has its settings in three worlds—the Old World of Europe, the New World of America and, finally, the nebulous world into which Adele Verge would retreat at intervals only to emerge and terrorize big, bulky Fred Kohl.

Judging from his background, he should have been a hard man, physically and mentally, and not one given to panicky seizures. His father made his millions as a sea captain in the Alaskan seal trade during the rough and rugged years following the Civil War.

Son Frederick elected to stay ashore in San Francisco to follow the twin careers of capitalist and clubman. He might have had a longer and a happier life, if he had followed in his father's footsteps on the quarterdeck.

Socially ambitious San Francisco applauded when young Fred Kohl married Edith Dunlap of the Philadelphia Dunlaps in 1896; sighed when she died a few years later.

In 1903, when Fred married the eminently suitable Bessie Godey of Washington, D. C., all of his friends were delighted.

At his reception guests were served enough champagne to float one of his father's sealing ships and his mother, as a slight token of the occasion, gave the bride, fittingly enough, a "bowknot." But this knot wasn't made of hemp; six inches square, it contained 29 large diamonds and some 5,000 smaller stones.

Mrs. Kohl Sr. did something else for the couple. While they were honeymooning, she hired a maid for them—and she kept employing maids for them until, on a fateful day in 1909, she interviewed, and promptly hired, Mlle. Adele Verge.

Illustrated by SEYMOUR BALL

"This one," Fred's mother announced proudly, "will be with you for a lifetime."

It was a grim prophecy. She wasn't always with the Frederick Kohls in the flesh, but the spirit was constantly with Fred Kohl for the rest of his tortured life—a comparatively scant 11 years.

Adele Verge, by her own admission, had spent many years in the service of such as the Duke of Buckingham, and fashionable San Mateo, where the Kohls had their Peninsular estate, sighed in envy.

CONSIDERING his busy careers as capitalist and clubman, it is reasonable to assume Fred Kohl didn't even notice the new maid until, weeks later, dozens of people in Riverside, Calif., started noticing her.

Hot and sleepy Riverside was a favorite winter resort at the time before Palm Springs came into being and the Kohls, with Adele Verge in attendance, had taken up temporary residence in the Glenwood Hotel. Adele's contemptuous attitude toward other guests worried Kohl, and he

conferred with Manager Frank Miller about it.

Miller was glad the conference was called. He said Kohl didn't know the half of it; that his maid had tried vainly to punch a desk clerk, and was addicted to spitting out epithets and other things at all those she disliked, which embraced a large percentage of Riverside's population.

HE insisted the maid could become dangerous, and with Kohl's permission, he acted.

Kohl approved the necessary steps, and Miller had Mlle. Verge arrested and held for observation. Frederick Kohl shrugged his hulking shoulders, considered the incident closed and his mother hired a new maid, never realizing her son had signed his death warrant; even if the signature was written in invisible ink.

Adele Verge was examined by two psychiatrists and, even then, the opinions ran true to form. One said she was completely sane; the other vowed the prisoner was insane and "possibly dangerous." She was released.

Mlle. Verge changed immediately from defendant to plaintiff. She sued Kohl and Miller for $30,000 each, charging persecution, malicious arrest and other grievances.

Trial of her charges was held in an office building on San Francisco's Market Street, the structure housing the courts having been destroyed in 1906 by the earthquake and fire.

After the evidence had been heard, the judge decided the jury could hear only one charge to decide its merits—that of malicious arrest. The jury could not agree and was dismissed.

Mlle. Verge must have sensed, when the jurors returned to the courtroom and refused to look at her, that she had lost. She was the first one out of the room and into an elevator. Kohl and Miller stayed to shake hands with the jurors.

Adele Verge was waiting on the ground floor. In her right hand she held and pointed a large revolver. It was aimed at Frederick Kohl.

Mlle. Verge squeezed the trigger once. If she said anything, the sound was lost in the reverberation set up by the single blast of sound. Fred Kohl's voice bellowed through the echo:

"She's got me! Look out!"

The Frenchwoman was disarmed without a struggle and taken to jail. Kohl was rushed to a hospital, one lung perforated, and an SOS sounded for specialists up and down the West Coast. Twice it appeared he would die within the hour; twice he rallied with the help of blood transfusions.

Weeks later, he emerged from a sanitarium, weak and fluttery and fearing another ordeal; that of appearing in court, once more, against the woman who meant to kill him, and almost succeeded. But he was spared that.

Porter Ashe, leading criminal lawyer, succeeded in having Adele Verge sent to a state institution at Ukiah on the presentation that she was mentally ill.

Some time later, she was released and sent back to her native land. In France, her peculiar conduct again aroused suspicion and caused her to be locked up in another asylum.

THEN, one dismal morning, Fred Kohl picked up his newspaper and was stunned when he read that one Adele Verge had escaped from a French insane asylum after having used a knife to incapacitate her keeper.

"She's heading this way!" Kohl cried. "She won't be happy until she finishes me!"

How and where this plain, even dowdy appearing woman obtained the funds to make her escape from France remains a mystery; as does the manner in which she made her way across the Atlantic and, a fugitive from French justice, managed to enter Canada and travel freely from coast to coast in the Dominion.

It is reasonable to assume she could have reentered the United States, sought out Fred Kohl and shot him again.

But Mlle. Verge had decided upon a more terrifying weapon—fear. It would take longer to bring about the death of the man she hated, but Adele Verge was in no hurry.

She began writing letters to Kohl, from Canada. Some mocked him; some were in friendly tone, but the burden of each was the same:

"Some day, my friend, we shall meet again. On a day to be selected by me, and me alone. And then—"

Kohl tried to lose himself in entertaining. He spent $300,000 on an estate at Burlingame, on the Peninsula, a site used by Mary Pickford for her movie, "Little Lord Fauntleroy." But the millionaire found no rest, no security, behind its high walls.

Every rustle of a leaf, every creak on a staircase alerted him and bristled the hair on the back of his neck—it might be Mlle. Verge, with knife, with gun, or even poison.

He became distrustful of friends, servants, and even his wife of 13 years, glamourous Bessie Godey Kohl.

She came home from a brief visit to Honolulu in 1916 to be told the huge Burlingame house wasn't big enough for both of them. The House of Kohl was divided and, somewhere in Canada, Adele Verge chuckled as she read how Mrs. Fred Kohl, with a handsome settlement, had taken up residence in Washington, D. C.

Kohl met comely Mrs. Marion Louderback Lord and forgot about his worries—for a while. Then, in 1920, he learned that Mlle. Verge had settled in Vancouver, B. C., straight up the coast from San Francisco.

He tried to conceal his panic in his appeal to the authorities:

"It is not a very pleasant feeling to have a person at liberty when that person has vowed to kill you."

Canadian authorities took her into custody but Kohl, recalling her escape from the French asylum and her 6,000-mile flight, grew more apprehensive.

ONE morning in 1920, possibly after receipt of a letter Mlle. Verge had smuggled out of the asylum, he excused himself from the breakfast table in stylish Del Monte Lode, and did what his persecutor had apparently planned he would do—he shot himself.

The Kohl fortune, like the Kohl household, was divided. The bulk of the estate went to his fiancee, Mrs. Lord, who was to have become his bride when Bessie Kohl obtained her expected divorce.

Bessie Godey Kohl took $250,000 and married, next, the Viscount Pierre Lambertye. After his death, she became the Baroness Thiene of Monte Carlo.

Mlle. Verge apparently did not haunt Bessie Kohl as she did her husband. Probably she is not even aware of Mrs. Kohl's death in Europe a few months ago. Mrs. Lord, now living in Southern California, was not annoyed by the wraith-like woman of vengeance.

As for Adele Verge, herself, there are tales that she still lives on the West Coast and wanders aimlessly through the various cities.

Those who have crossed her trail say that she does not realize the man she swore to kill has been dead these 27 years.

They say, too, that she has fears and phobias of her own, now, as terrible as those that drove Fred Kohl to his death.

She is afraid of imaginary spies who, she mutters, have been commissioned by her old enemy "to make my life a hell."

Next week, The Nurse's Revenge.

Heartbreaks Of Society

Kohl Became Distrustful of Even His Wife, the Glamourous Bessie Godey Kohl.

A happy ending to any meal... Pabst-ett and apples

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Real BRAIN FOOD At Last

The Child Who Is Slow at Solving Simple Problems May Show Marked Improvement After Being Fed Glutamic Acid, Some Scientists Believe. In Some Cases Mental Development Was Twice As Fast As Before Treatment

Illustrated by DOROTHEA FOX

By G. B. Lal

FOR ages man has tried to find, but in vain, some "brain food," some substance that could be taken into the body and act on the brain to brighten up the intelligence.

Now, comes the claim that such a dietary substance has been found. It's glutamic acid, one of the best natural food sources of which is milk.

Physicians and psychologists—Drs. Frederick T. Zimmerman, Bessie B. Burgemeister and Tracy J. Putnam—of the Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons have fed the acid to boys and girls and they say that it improved their intelligence and other behavior patterns.

Their discovery remains to be adequately developed through additional experimental researches now under way. If the work is confirmed important new avenues for the elevation of the human mind through diet and related beneficial treatments will be open.

Glutamic (gloo-tam-ik) acid is one of the 20-odd amino (ah-meen-o) acids which are the building blocks of human, animal and many plant tissues. It is present in varying amounts in different protein foodstuffs such as milk, eggs, meats, cereals. In pure form, it is being made as a by-product of the beet sugar industry and also is obtained from the gluten in wheat. Chinese and other Easterners have used it in the form of a salt in sauces, and in this country for imparting a meaty flavor to "dry soups."

For research, it was fed in pure form, as powder, tablets or in capsules. But drinking one quart of milk—whole, skimmed or butter milk—would provide a little more than the minimum dose of glutamic acid the physicians gave each day. Four quarts contain somewhat more than the largest daily dose used in the treatments. The same amount of the "brain food" is found in one pound of cheddar (American or Swiss) cheese, one pound of wheat or corn bread. Liberal daily consumption of other foods which are rich in glutamic acid, especially lean meats, peanuts and eggs, should give as much of the substance as the doctors have been prescribing for patients.

The daily doses of pure glutamic acid varied from about 6 to 24 grams (28 grams is nearly one ounce), divided up in three portions.

The Columbia University scientists fed glutamic acid each day for six months to 69 children and adolescents, the youngest of whom was 16 months and the oldest 17 years, five months old. Among these patients there were 44 mentally "retarded" (defective) and 11 epileptics.

Mental development in six months was as much as it would have been, without the acid, in 13 months, for the group as a whole.

Before the feeding of the "brain food" was started each patient was given the Stanford-Binet I. Q. or intelligence quotient tests which psychologists employ for rating of intelligence and mapping out temperament, emotional patterns and other personality traits. These tests were repeated during and at the end of the six months trial period. Ratings in the I. Q. tests are: zero to 25, idiocy; 70 or less, "retarded"; 85 to 90, dullness; 90 to 108, average normal; 108 to 120, very superior mentality; from 150 up, "genius."

The patient who was 17 years, five months old, had a good average intelligence score of 107 before he began eating the acid. After six months he scored 120. This increase of intelligence by 13 points lifted him mentally into the class of "superior intelligence," a notch below "genius."

From the medical point of view the most significant cases were defectives whose intelligence became almost normal, as the result of only a few months of glutamic acid treatment.

One girl, nine years, six months old, had been very stupid. Born prematurely, she had suffered brain injury, and at the age of five she mumbled so that her talk was incomprehensible even to her mother. She was too lazy even to play. But glutamic acid raised her I. Q. from 69 (defective grade) to 87 (practically normal). She took to reading and jumping rope and other activities.

A 16 year-old boy had his intelligence score raised from 50 to 66, a gain of 16 points. He was so dull and indifferent to everything that he never picked up a newspaper even to look at the comics. But the acid treatment changed his whole personality, so that he became an eager reader of the papers and books, and was transferred to a school for normal children.

Many of the youngsters had been stubborn, disobedient, violent; the glutamic acid feeding made them decent, cooperative and alert.

The study of the effects of glutamic acid feeding upon the human brain was started by Drs. Putnam, J. C. Price and H. Waelsch, when these physicians treated epileptic children. They had hoped that the acid would help in controlling convulsions, which were hard to check by the standard drugs for epilepsy. They were struck by the fact that glutamic acid made the patients physically and mentally more alert.

Dr. Zimmerman fed the acid in powdered form to normal laboratory rats and learned that their intelligence (ability to solve food problems) was markedly increased. He and his colleagues now believe that glutamic acid is definitely beneficial for the brain, in the sense that it aids the electrical and chemical processes in the nerve cells upon which depends mental activity. As matters stand it seems very possible that one of the causes of mental retardation may be nutritional deficiency, due to insufficient glutamic acid in the diet or to a failure of the body, especially the brain, to make proper use of the acid after it is eaten.

While scientists pursue their researches—which may lead to the discovery of even a far more potent specific "brain food and stimulant"—we would all be on the safe side in consuming, and feeding babies, and children and adolescents, plenty of natural foods rich in glutamic acid.

Nipping FOOLISH DIVORCES

HER lips set in a stubborn pout, the pretty girl slid into the soda fountain booth. She drew away from the grim young man, who reluctantly sat down beside her.

An older man settled himself across from them as the clerk came hurrying up.

"Two chocolate sodas," he ordered, "and bring three straws."

When the sodas were brought he took one for himself and pushed the other across the table.

"Drink up," he said. "It's on me."

The girl and the young man began to sip. Two short straws in one soda brought their heads close together. They drank for a moment and then the girl began to giggle; her companion's frown melted into a sheepish grin.

They looked at each other and laughed. With a sigh of relief, the older man rose.

"You two don't want a divorce," he said. "You just have to practice that kind of teamwork."

When Attorney Samuel M. Starr of Chicago paid the bill and walked out, he mentally chalked up his 100th reconciliation of couples headed for a divorce. His method is typical of Chicago's new approach to the problem of broken homes.

Bolstering the efforts of Chicago judges and lawyers to salvage imperiled marriages is the law known as the "Children's Bill of Rights."

It requires a "cooling-off" period of at least 30 days before a divorce suit can be filed, when the contestants have minor children, and its passage by the forward-looking Illinois legislature is expected to check any drift of state municipalities toward "divorce-mill" status.

The bill is modeled after similar programs in Milwaukee, Detroit, Cincinnati and Los Angeles.

During the waiting period representatives of church associations and social agencies will attempt to persuade the quarreling principals to kiss and make up. Every effort will be made to prevent the filing of legal papers, which somehow seems to cement resentments.

That such "stop-look-and-listen" sessions can help was demonstrated when attractive "Connie" insisted upon divorcing her husband, Joseph, on grounds of cruelty. She insisted on going to the court clerk's office to file the suit.

On the way, Attorney Starr, whom she had engaged to handle her case, excused himself and ducked into a phone booth to call Joseph, who was waiting for his surprised wife and the lawyer in the chambers of Judge Edwin A. Robson.

Would Judge Robson hear a case that hadn't even been filed? He would. A minister joined the conference of principals, judge and lawyer.

An hour later Connie and Joseph walked out arm in arm. She was smiling through her tears. He looked happy and relieved.

Sometimes an adroit touch of psychology can avert the final rift. The trick is to gain time for that touch to be applied.

Martin and Jean couldn't find a baby-sitter to take care of their two little boys. So they took the youngsters with them when they grimly set out to find a lawyer who would help them get a divorce.

The lawyer listened patiently but the children grew fretful at the long conference. The sleepier they got, the more they interrupted the parental wrangling.

"You see?" the lawyer pointed out smoothly, "your sons are providing their own example of childish irritability."

Two faces grew red as the subtlety struck home. Soon the man and woman were convinced that their disagreement was equally juvenile. Promising to try and work their problems out, Martin and Jean headed for home to tuck their tired youngsters in bed.

On one occasion when reconciliation seemed impossible, a near-tragedy saved the day. Estelle Przybylski was determined to divorce her husband, Chester. The latter murmured, "I love you," then took out a pistol and shot himself.

A shaken lawyer gave first aid and called an ambulance. Estelle rode along. Chester's life—and the marriage—were saved.

In the opinion of Judges Robson, Joseph Sabath and Cornelius J. Harrington, antiquated divorce laws have been principally at fault for Chicago's rising divorce rate. All of them hail the new law which provides for a preliminary hearing by a special master.

Previously, Cook County judges had to hear divorce cases "cold," without a chance for prior official investigation. In the press of crowded calendars, they were virtually helpless to stem the unhappy flood.

Now there should be more time to employ such suave strategy as was used to keep a couple named Ann and Sam together. When the divorce lawyer deduced that Ann's trouble was only that "neglected feeling" he persuaded Sam to date her regularly with the emphasis on romance and gallantry. It worked fine.

Shortly before Christmas, Stella asked Attorney Starr to draw up divorce papers against Frank. Instead, Starr bought a Christmas tree, ornaments and presents for their children. Then he picked up Frank and went home with him.

The youngsters' delight was infectious. Stella and Frank again are trying to make a go of it.

Chicago's marriage-savers say the new cooling-off plan may slim the public purse a little but it will swell the city's heart.

Illustrated by E. C. VAN SWEARINGEN

"Two Chocolate Sodas," the Attorney Ordered. "And Bring Three Straws." As the Couple Drank From the Same Glass, There Began Another Lesson in Teamwork, Another Reconciliation.

HIS One Great Love

By Katherine Donovan

IN HERMIT-LIKE seclusion in an old, neglected dwelling in the shadow of the lofty State Capitol at Augusta, Me., lives an 82-year-old scholar, poet and philosopher who has proved, to his enduring serenity, that love is stronger than death.

Enshrined in a copper urn by his bedside are the ashes of the woman he loved—the wife, long dead, who is still to him a living and glowing presence. She brings him, daily, the solace and comfort of her companionship. He lives with her, and defies death.

He is Charles Palmer Emerson, whom his friends and neighbors know as a relative of Ralph Waldo Emerson, a onetime distinguished educator, a tutor and translator, intimate of statesmen and writers and musicians.

Maine-born and bred, he married at the turn of the century a young, flaxen-haired German girl whom he had never seen until he greeted her at the Hoboken dock, but who, he says, had possessed his heart since they first began a romantic transatlantic correspondence in English, German, and an international language known as "Volapuk."

"We loved each other before we saw each other," Emerson says, "and when we met, we knew we had loved each other always. And that love survives. She is here with me, now."

The death of "Kleine," in 1928, came suddenly, and during one of Maine's grimmest winters. As a child, Kleine had suffered a severe attack of pneumonia, which had left her with a permanent heart ailment. After almost 30 years of marriage, she again was stricken with pneumonia. Four days later, she was dead.

"Though I Had Never Seen Her I Knew I Would Know Her. I Walked Down to the Edge of the Dock—and There She Was."

Photo by American Weekly Color Studio

"I held her in my arms," Emerson said, "and I did not know she was dead. She spoke no last words. She just looked at me, with a look that told me she would always be with me."

Emerson explained their first, romantic meeting. He had been an instructor of German in the schools of Augusta, and as an outstanding linguist had become interested in "Volapuk," an international language which had pre-dated Esperanto. In Germany, there was a Volapuk Club, where young German students exchanged letters in this language with American educators, later translating the letters into English and German.

"The letters of this young girl were so interesting and so delightful," Emerson says, "that I recognized the beauty of her mind and soul, and I determined to marry her. I wrote her a letter, proposing marriage, and she answered that she was taking the next boat to New York. She didn't mention the boat, but I checked the sailings.

"I met her at the dock in Hoboken. I knew I would recognize her, and I also knew that she would want to meet me alone, away from the debarking crowd. I walked down to the edge of the dock—and there she was. We were married a few days later."

Although Mrs. Emerson's name was Marie, her husband always called her "Kleine," the German for "little one."

And when a visitor enters Emerson's home—a home chaotically cluttered with the accumulated possessions of 82 years—it is clear that Kleine is more to this aged man than a memory. She is, as he says, a living presence.

An enlarged color photograph of Kleine dominates the living room. Inserted in the frame is a typed poem which Emerson wrote soon after her death:

There's not a charm of soul or brow,
Of all I knew and loved in thee,
But lives in holier beauty now—
Baptized in immortality.
And when the sunset gates unbar.
Shall I not see thee waiting stand?
And white against the evening star
The welcome of thy beckoning hand.

There is another picture of Kleine, and beneath it, in intricate wood carving, is the inscription: "Meines Heiligen Lebens"—my dear love. And still another photograph, placed against a front window where the morning light shines transparently through.

Emerson told of the happy 30 years of their marriage, when they worked together as tutors in the German language in the daytime, and while he was an instructor in English at night classes in Augusta High School.

Among their famous students was Walter Damrosch, maestro of opera and symphony, and more recently known through national radio broadcasts as America's "Grand Old Man of Music."

Emerson's home is lined with books, many of them in foreign languages, mostly German, but none by his famous relative Ralph Waldo Emerson.

"I'm not even convinced I'm a relative," he remarked, "but they tell me I'm a member of the Emerson family of Concord, Mass. I have read some of Emerson's essays, but I don't feel competent to be a critic."

Above the urn containing his wife's ashes, is another framed poem which Emerson wrote to his "Kleine," and which contained the lines:

You who have walked with me in lovely places
Your love's light glorifying all for me,
Shall walk beside me down the years to be,
And when mine eyes look into other faces,
Dear, it is always just your face I see.
And though my lips may seem to tremble under
Pleasure or praise or friendship's charming breath,
Nothing can ever tear out love asunder—
Not even—death.

And this, one is convinced, is his answer to loneliness and old age, poverty and failing health. The days of Emerson's fame and prosperity have faded, but his love for Kleine remains.

you can't Always trust your eyes

Would You Make a Good Witness? Study the Action and Appearances of the Men, Then, Without Looking, Try to Describe What You Have Seen. Perhaps You Will Do Better Than Professor Munsterberg's Harvard Students.

Illustrated by RAFAEL DE SOTO

By John Wilcox

"THEY killed him."

Day after day the two Boston taxi drivers flinched as witness after witness took the stand and pointed accusing fingers at them.

Each of the eight witnesses told the same story: "They rushed into the Paramount Theatre in Lynn, Mass. They bound and gagged all of us in the manager's office—except old Charlie Sumner, the bill poster.

"Charlie watched for his chance, then made for the door. They shot him down, scooped up the cash and made their getaway in a car."

"They" were Clement F. Molway and Louis Berrett. And they were innocent. In vain they brought in friends to prove they were hacking in Boston, miles away, when the holdup and murder took place.

But the eyewitnesses, who had first identified them from their license pictures on file in Boston, pushed them toward the electric chair.

Their nightmare was ended, with the trial still in progress, when members of the Faber-Millen gang, with some of the Lynn loot still on them, were captured in a gun battle in a New York hotel lobby.

Thus the two taxi drivers joined the large group of Americans whose freedom, and in some cases, whose very lives, have been endangered by such cruelly mistaken testimony.

How can the human eye make such terrible mistakes?

Dr. Edwin M. Borchard, of Yale University's Law School, who has studied hundreds of cases of erroneous convictions for his book, "Convicting the Innocent," says:

"The emotional balance of the victim or eyewitness is so disturbed by his extraordinary experience that his powers of perception become distorted."

The truth of this statement was demonstrated in the psychology classroom of Prof. Hugo Munsterberg at Harvard. While hundreds of students watched, several men burst into the lecture hall, engaged in a great deal of violent action and then withdrew, leaving one of their number apparently stabbed to death.

As the "corpse" got up and dusted himself off, the students were instructed to write what they had seen. Not one described the scene accurately. Some believed there were two men involved, others four. Most said the "murder" had been committed with a knife, varying in size from a few inches to a big machete.

As a matter of fact, the weapon was a large yellow banana.

Virgil Romine, a St. Louis filling station operator, was not an observer but a holdup man's victim—and his testimony was just as erroneous. Before he died he identified the men who had held him up and shot him as two young men who had slugged his slot machine some days before.

Alvin Craig and Walter Hess were therefore arrested as they slept, put on trial and, despite alibi witnesses placing them at home, were sentenced to prison. They might have had to serve out their sentences if Louis Taylor, a soldier, had not been unfaithful to his sweetheart. For revenge she informed the police he was the guilty man.

A murdered man's brother was the witness who caused Will Purvis days and weeks of mental torture. Will Buckley, a member of a hooded gang in Mississippi, decided to expose it. He was shot from ambush as he and his brother Jim were returning home from a grand jury appearance.

Jim Buckley identified young Purvis as the gunman.

On the scaffold Purvis said, "You are taking the life of an innocent man." Then the rope was placed around his neck, the stay rope was cut. Purvis' body dropped...and the knot, unraveled, he fell unhurt.

The crowd gasped. (Some believed Providence had interceded.) They refused to allow a repeat performance.

The State Supreme Court ruled that Purvis must hang. The night before the second execution his friends whisked him into hiding.

Years later the mystery was solved by a confession at a Holy Rollers' meeting. Purvis, cleared, was pardoned.

Eyewitnesses of much less dramatic crimes can be just as mistaken. In the Bertram Campbell case in New York, responsible bank officers and clerks identified Campbell as the man who presented forged checks, despite the fact proved later that there was little if any resemblance between Campbell and the real culprit, a man named Alexander Thiel, who was not apprehended until after Campbell had served 3½ years in Sing Sing and an additional four on parole.

Equally blameless was the unfortunate George Schmidt, the St. Louis butcher who was vastly dissimilar to a bad-check artist, Thomas P. Lawler, for whose crimes he went to jail. Witnesses in several Midwest states identified Schmidt, despite differences in shape of ear and nose, color of hair and eyes, general make-up of body and face, manner of speaking and walking. Finally, a witness rescinded his identification and Lawler confessed.

Edward A. Kimball, a wealthy, devout man who wrote philosophical and religious articles, was waiting for a train in the Baltimore station when he was nabbed by the police after Michael Funicielo had pointed him out as a stock market swindler.

Kimball was quickly accused of a similar shakedown in Chicago. Despite an alibi for the Chicago date, Kimball was convicted. A fortune was spent before he was finally cleared.

Dean John H. Wigmore, of Northwestern University, long an authority on evidence, insisted that identification of suspects is often carried out in an unfair and suggestive manner.

In dozens of cases the suspect or his picture is shown to victims without the lineup of other similar men.

After a bank robbery in Freeburg, Ill., Floyd Flood was forced to act out the stickup with cap pulled down, collar turned up, muttering "Stick 'em up!" Two impressionable women bank clerks identified him before the actual criminals were apprehended.

Dean Wigmore advocated the use of sound film. A movie of the suspect walking and talking would be shown along with film devoted to several other men, similar in appearance.

In recommending the rounded picture which film would give, Dean Wigmore insisted that a witness [illegible] often makes an identification [illegible] only a few aspects of a person, while the innocent happens to possess [illegible].

The many positive—and erroneous identifications of masked [illegible] would seem to bear this out. In a Rockford, Ill., case, Floyd Stark was shot down in front of his home who pointed out young Henry Olson as the criminal although only the gunman's eyes had been visible above the mask. Olson was cleared when the real criminals were turned in by a housemaid.

Dr. Borchard also blames over-zealous prosecutors with personal ambitions for the plight of many convicted innocents.

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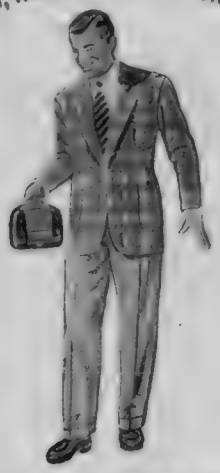

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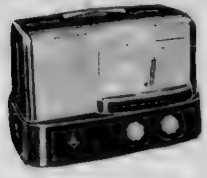

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Little Johnny's PARENT PROBLEM

By Fred Dickenson

THREE-YEAR-OLD Johnny Fitzgerald can play happily with a puppy or a bright string of trains now. Later on, perhaps, he'll realize that his grandest gifts are the new parents named for him by a Spokane, Wash., judge.

Little Johnny has $300,000. But it took a sharp legal battle and the decision of a jurist to give this latest "poor little rich boy" another "Mother and Father."

A strange and tragic sequence of events, against a background of the war, brought the question of Johnny Fitzgerald's guardianship into court. It all began when young Dr. John D. L. Fitzgerald of Toronto, scion of a prominent medical family, married pretty Caroline Leuthold, lumber heiress and a member of the Spokane Junior League.

For a time the newlyweds were happy in Baltimore where Dr. Fitzgerald interned at Johns Hopkins. Then a small cloud appeared on their horizon. To Caroline, it looked like smoke from the supposedly dead embers of a premarital romance between Dr. Fitzgerald and a "Mrs. X" of the hospital staff. That was in the fall of 1942.

But little Johnny already was on the way when Dr. Fitzgerald left to become a surgeon lieutenant in the Canadian Navy. Caroline returned to the Leuthold mansion 20 miles north of Spokane, in the center of the family's vast timber holdings.

There Johnny was born in May of 1944. Like many other youngsters of that time, he had a hero father. News dispatches told how the frigate on which Dr. Fitzgerald was stationed caught and sank a Nazi submarine. The physician-lieutenant, said the reports, labored for 60 hours without a break caring for the wounded and survivors.

Occasionally he returned on leave. But the marriage withered. Fitzgerald and Caroline separated formally in July of 1945, and on January 25, 1946, Caroline obtained a divorce on grounds of mental cruelty before Superior Judge R. M. Webster of Spokane.

Her father, Walter M. Leuthold, and her sister-in-law, Mrs. John W. Leuthold, testified for her that Dr. Fitzgerald drank to excess and was morose during such periods.

It was there that Johnny really first lost a parent. Dr. Fitzgerald registered no opposition when Caroline was given full custody of the child.

The following December she married Dr. Harold D. Carnahan, who had been a major in the American Medical Corps in the Pacific.

Caroline suffered a severe attack of influenza shortly after the wedding. In less than two months she again became ill, underwent an operation, and died.

Thus Johnny lost both parents. When he lived with his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. John Leuthold, the father who had given him up appeared with strenuous objections. Instituting a habeas corpus action, he stated that the boy should live with him unless his unfitness could be proved "so extravagant, singular and wrong" that he must be condemned by "all decent, law-abiding people without regard to religious belief or social standing."

Dr. Fitzgerald began his action on Feb. 28, 1947. On March 11, Caroline's will was filed. It left $300,000 in trust to little Johnny. As originally written in 1944, it also named Dr. Fitzgerald as an executor and left him $10,000 but these provisions had been revoked in a later codicil.

The legal battle was joined. Superior Judge Charles W. Greenough listened to the arguments of the warring factions. Uncle John Leuthold opposed Dr. Fitzgerald in asking for Johnny's custody. Dr. Carnahan said his interest was only to see what was best for the young heir.

A first indication of the court's feeling was in a ruling temporarily leaving Johnny where he was with the statement that "the child's own welfare is paramount, and it would not be good for him to be taken from the only home he had known."

In the final court appearances, Dr. Fitzgerald was accompanied by his new wife, the former Janet Grubbe Hansen of Toronto. They would be able to take care of Johnny, he said. Though still an interne on $40 a month, he expected another $100 a month veteran's subsistence from the Canadian government and a similar amount from his family.

Little Johnny Fitzgerald Lives in the Forest-Bound Home of His Uncle and Aunt, Calls His Aunt "Mother."

The Poor Little Rich Boy Now Has a New Father and Mother After a Strange and Tragic Sequence of Events and a Bitter Court Battle

Johnny would stay first with the doctor's mother in Toronto, then with friends in Hamilton, Ont., and join his father later in New York City while he interned at a hospital there.

Reference to the one-time romance with "Mrs. X" and Dr. Fitzgerald's explanations were all ruled out by the judge, who pointed out that Caroline's divorce had been obtained for mental cruelty. Dr. Fitzgerald denied that Johnny's inheritance had reawakened a dormant father-love in his heart.

But Judge Greenough looked coldly upon the doctor's arguments. He listened closely to the testimony of Dr. Ralph Stolzheise, a Seattle psychiatrist, who said he had examined Johnny and found him to be "normal physically, slight, sensitive and a shy personality."

It was the psychiatrist's opinion that Johnny was an introvert type, more vulnerable to psychic injury than an extrovert, and that the permanence of his present surroundings would be beneficial to him.

He also attached grave importance to an admission by Dr. Fitzgerald that the latter had written Caroline asking her to get a divorce on grounds of infidelity, and asserting that other grounds would not be recognized in Canada.

Judge Greenough gave his decision. Johnny would stay where he was in the forest-bound home of his uncle and aunt. Not only his custody but also guardianship of the estate would go to John Leuthold.

Then he delivered a final thrust at the real father:

"Dr. Fitzgerald offered to and did barter away his son and all contact and visitation with him...If Caroline would procure a divorce on the grounds of infidelity so that he would be free to marry.

"I am firmly convinced that Dr. Fitzgerald's emotions toward Johnny which he offered to sever were pecuniary rather than parental."

Dr. Fitzgerald's attorney stated that he would carry the case to the State Supreme Court.

And as for little Johnny, when he smiles at his aunt, which he often does, he says "Mother."

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Illustrated by H. E. BISCHOFF

"For the First Time That I Can Remember I Don't Want to Go Swimming With the Children, but I Must Make the Effort. Why Was I So Tired? Why Had the Zest Gone Out of Life?"

I could have been helped

By Lenore McCall

Lenore McCall is the author of a recent book, "Between Us and the Dark" (J. B. Lippincott Company publishers) in which she tells of the confusion and horror she experienced during four and one-half years of mental illness that necessitated her confinement in two hospitals.

I THREW down the trowel with which I had been digging up the earth around the delphiniums and stretched myself out on the grass.

I'm tired, I thought. I'll finish this work tomorrow. I'll feel better tomorrow. The words that had become a formula to me during the past month drifted through my mind. I'll be all right tomorrow.

"Mother, it's time to go swimming," my elder son, an 11-year-old redhead, appeared. "You promised to give me another diving lesson."

"You and David go on down to the dock, John," I said. "I'll bring Emily when I'm ready."

Rising reluctantly I thought again, I'm tired. For the first time that I can remember I don't want to go swimming with the children.

Why was I so tired?

I knew the past year had been a hard one; there had been conflict in it difficult to reconcile, but I had succeeded in solving it—or so I thought.

I did not know then that emotional problems not only leave scars on the subconscious, they leave open wounds which fester unless given care. Perhaps I should see a physician, I thought, as I struggled into my bathing suit. But that's silly. I'll be all right tomorrow.

That was in June.

Some months later I stood on the porch beating a tattoo of impatience with my tennis racket. I'd been up since six, accomplished nearly a whole day's normal schedule, and now, at ten in the morning, I waited for my husband.

I'm not tired any more, I thought. I've never had so much energy. I knew I'd be all right.

If only I had realized that the indefatigable energy of which I boasted was as abnormal as the lassitude of the early summer. I should have taken warning.

As my husband came out of the house with a "Sorry to keep you waiting, Lenore," I ran down the steps, glad to release the tension produced by delay.

"What are our plans for tonight, Lenore?" my husband asked as I whirled the car out of the driveway. "A quiet evening at home?"

"We're having dinner at the Harrisons. Didn't I tell you?"

"No," my husband's voice was level. "You seem to forget to tell me a good many things. Does that mean a late evening of bridge?"

I shrank at the thought, for I had been avoiding bridge for several weeks. I couldn't concentrate.

Now when I mentioned dancing at the club after dinner my husband protested, "All this dashing about isn't a bit like you. I've never seen you so restless."

To which I replied, "I'm fine—never been better."

That was in August.

It was my birthday the following autumn but for the first time in my life no celebration was planned.

In addition to a second bout of fatigue I was weighed down with desperate confusion.

I could no longer make decisions. I was like a boat drifting without an anchor, for, whether we realize it or not, the routine tasks of normal living have a stabilizing effect upon us.

The sound of my small daughter's voice from upstairs, and the knowledge that I would have to take her for a walk, brought tears.

Pull yourself together. Think of your children. You can go on fighting; you must, I argued, but always the question, "What will become of me?" was uppermost.

That evening at dinner, when dessert was served, the maid brought in a birthday cake with 34 yellow candles on it. Where had it come from? I had not ordered it—or had I?

The children sang happy birthday while I clenched my hands, icy and wet under the table. Smile and thank them for it, you dolt.

"How beautiful—who—"

"Daddy didn't forget. Aren't you going to blow out the candles, Mother?" I stood up and blew feebly.

"Did you make a wish, Mother?" asked John.

"No—no, I forgot."

What could I wish? That the horror which now engulfed me might be taken from me?

My constant companion now was fear—fear of the unknown; terror of what was happening to me. I struggled in the icy grip of this fear as I cut my birthday cake.

That was in November.

With Christmas approaching I went into the city to shop for my family. Once inside a store, things began to whirl before my eyes. I tried to focus on a little Christmas tree, but its flashing lights kept sending this message to me: You're done for, you're done for.

Escaping this, my steps led me to the auditorium and a symphony concert. I sat through the overture, listened to the audience applaud and realized my brain had registered nothing. Blindly I struggled over feet and laps to escape, and somehow to get home.

In brief progression this was the onset of my illness. I was obliged to leave home the day after Christmas and spent four and a half years in two mental hospitals. I was finally restored to health by insulin shock treatments, at that time a new and revolutionary form of therapy.

Had I sought help early in my illness it could have been averted and I could have been spared years of suffering.

Modern psychiatrists tell us to learn the signposts that point to emotional illness, and to obtain medical aid while there is still time to prevent catastrophe. Laymen must learn that there is no shame connected with mental illness. The brain is a part of the body, physicians tell us. It can function abnormally and be cured as can any other organ of the body.

One-half of our hospital beds are occupied by mental patients, many of whom could have been spared what they undergo if they had had qualified aid at the onset of their difficulties. Can we bear to face these statistics unarmed when we have at hand the power to alter them?

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THE GREATEST FOOTBALL PLAYER IN THE

Walter Eckersall

By Merrill C. "Babe" Meigs

Merrill C. Meigs played left guard on the University of Chicago 1905 championship team which won undying gridiron fame at the beginning of the 20th century. In this article he tells you about Walter Eckersall, who was mainly responsible for that fame.

THEY don't play football at the University of Chicago any more. In 1939 they got tired of being shellacked, 60 to 0, by college teams full of poorly disguised "professionals."

"Boys," said President "Bob" Hutchins, "we won't go out and buy players and we can't beat the opposition otherwise. So let's just forget it." Whereupon the Big Ten became the Big Nine and the University of Chicago retired to live on its past glory.

Don't make any mistake about that past glory, either! It's there in big gobs, though you've got to go back 40-odd years to get in at the beginning.

Ever hear of Amos Alonzo Stagg? He coached six Chicago teams to the Big Ten championship, a feat never since duplicated by any other school. He was coach at Chicago when it hit the glory road. He was one of the greatest coaches that ever lived.

But this isn't the story of Stagg. It's the story of Walter Eckersall, who was at Chicago, too, when it hit the glory road—in fact, he sent it on its way. He wasn't one of the greatest football players that ever lived. He was the greatest.

THAT'S a flat statement, without reservations. It's not wishful thinking. The records bear it out. I've been waiting 40 years, with an open mind, to see his equal. I haven't yet.

Take your Granges, Berwangers, Booths, Nagurskis, Friedmans, Harmons—yes, and your recent Blanchards and Davises—and stack them up against Eckersall. They fall so short by comparison that they look like pygmies.

Eckie, as we used to call him, didn't shine in one, two or even three departments of the game—he was tops in all departments. And he had something else, something that made of him more than a football player. He had the power to lift a whole team from mediocrity to the greatness of which he himself was capable—with the most inspiring voice the gridiron ever knew!

He was All-America three out of his four years at Chicago. Walter Camp was picking them and he was plenty particular. There was never any doubt in Camp's mind. Eckie had a spot from his sophomore year, 1904, right through 1906.

You've seen the modern kickers send a modern, streamlined football sailing for 60 yards—occasionally. Eckie could kick 55 and 60 yards consistently—and I mean consistently—using a clumsy, wind-resistant football that your present day player wouldn't touch.

He could spot his punts out of bounds almost to the yard or place them where the rival safety man had to take them on the run or let them roll. He was a sharpshooter with the dropkick and was dangerous anywhere from 55 yards in.

Remember, I said the dropkick, which requires perfect coordination. The toe must meet the ball the instant it touches the ground if any degree of accuracy is to be obtained. The place kick, held in position by a teammate, is easy by comparison.

IN that day the field was 110 yards long and the goal posts were right on the goal lines. Once he rifled a dropkick between the uprights from the 47-yard line while standing just five yards from the sideline in a game against Purdue.

They talk about Charlie Brickley of Harvard, who booted five field goals in a game against Yale in 1913. Eckie kicked five in a game against Illinois in 1904 and five in a game against Nebraska in 1905.

It was that Nebraska game that produced the high mark in Eckie's dropkicking career and illustrates why he has no peer. He had already kicked four field goals when the opportunity for another presented itself, though it certainly would be no opportunity by present standards.

The ball lay near the sideline at midfield. Your modern quarterback would have shuddered at the mere thought of attempting a field goal.

But not Eckie. He looked the situation over and formed his strategy. From previous kicks he knew there was a strong crosswind blowing up above. He'd have to make allowance for that.

He booted a high, arching kick that apparently was far off the beam and as he and his teammates raced down the field behind it, Fred Walker, a Chicago player, yelled: "Too far to the left, Eckie?" Eckie shouted back: "Don't know. There's wind up there!"

Like a homing pigeon, the ball drifted with the wind directly between the goal posts!

He had more speed than any of your modern greats. He could have been the "fastest human" if he'd devoted the same attention to sprinting he did to football. As it was he could do the 100 in ten flat in football togs. For several years he held the world's 50-yard indoor record. Everything he wore, from shoes to shoulder pads, was especially tailored for lightness.

He could spin and turn and reverse his field like a jackrabbit. Once he broke loose he was never caught from the rear. In safety position he never played punts safe.

He was a vicious, deadly tackler with a heart that didn't know how to quit. In his four years nobody ever ran through him in the open field for a touchdown. Willie Heston of Fielding Yost's great point-a-minute Michigan Wolverines almost did it once—but only almost.

It was Thanksgiving Day, 1903, Eckie's first year at the university. Michigan was the favorite, but Chicago had hopes. A blizzard during the night had covered old Marshall Field with 18 inches of snow.

This had been scraped off, leaving the gridiron a slick, icy strip more fitted for skating than football. Coach Stagg sat propped in a closed hack heated by oil burners. He had pneumonia and risked death to watch and inspire his team.

But his sacrifice was of no avail. Yost's Wolverines ripped Chicago to bits. Heston, one of the greatest ground gainers of all time, broke loose. He twisted his way through the Chicago line, evaded the secondary and had only Eckersall at safety to pass for a touchdown.

He seemed to lose none of his speed on the slippery field. Eckie came up to meet him. At the right moment he made his long, low dive, but his arms closed about air. Heston had hurdled him, leaped clean over his flying body.

A roar rose from the Michigan supporters as Heston sped on, but it died down immediately; for Eckie was up on his feet almost as soon as he hit the ground and was racing after the fleeing Heston. It couldn't be done, of course, not against the great Wolverine. But Eckie did it! He brought Heston down from behind within 35 yards of the spot where he had so ignobly bitten the dust—or snow!

Eckie played quarterback his entire four years. And what a quarterback! From the moment he took over, fresh from Hyde Park High School down the street from the university, Stagg knew he had a find. Hyde Park had won the national championship in 1902, defeating Brooklyn Poly by 103 to 0. Hyde Park had had no coach; Eckie had been its leader.

Remember, in that day the quarterback ran the team with no signals, or orders via substituted players, from the sidelines. Eckie was 70-minute man—there were two halves of 35 minutes each. In each important game he went the distance, and was never removed for injuries.

He called signals in a sharp, clear, confident voice. Whenever we heard his voice something happened to us. It electrified us. Our spirits seemed to soar and nothing was impossible. It was amazing to see how one man could inspire a whole team.

Once, on one of those rare occasions when he had not started a game and we were going badly, Stagg sent Eckie in. He looked us over scornfully. "What in hell is the matter with you fellows?" he barked. He gave each member of the team a solid kick in the pants. "Now let's go!" he ordered, and we really went.

He was a master of strategy. He always knew where to call the plays and we knew that he knew. No one ever questioned his decisions.

Unlike today, we had three downs to make five yards, and speed was of the essence. In the Chicago-Wisconsin game of 1902 there were 112 plays in the first half. This speed was intended to wear down the other fellow, set him up for a collapse in the second half. Series plays were hitched together in sequence with only one signal and played off as fast as the team could line up.

Eckie was a driver, never seeming to tire himself and infusing his teammates with his own vigor because they believed in him heart and soul.

Maybe you think he was a rock of a man, like Blanchard of the Army? Get set for a surprise. Eckie weighed 138 pounds his freshman year and 144 pounds as a senior!

Off the gridiron he wore lifts on his heels to attain medium height. A dynamo on the playing field, he was gentle, modest, retiring—almost shy—on the campus. His teammates virtually worshiped him.

In three successive years he beat Wisconsin single-handed. One year he dropkicked three field goals (five points each) to offset one Wisconsin touchdown. (The papers reported: Eckersall, 15, Wisconsin 6.) Another time he took the opening kickoff and ran 106 yards for the winning touchdown. In 1905 his lone field goal provided the margin of victory.

WHO can ever forget his gallant fight against Michigan in 1904? The score was 16 to 6, in favor of Michigan, when Ed Parry, Chicago's fullback, went out with a broken leg.

Then the other two first-string backs, Lee DeTray and Hugo Bezdek, were removed with injuries, and Eckie was in there alone with three second-stringers. And second-stringers in those days were really second-stringers. There were no first and second teams of equal power and ability.

Eckie outdid himself that day. He took a punt at safety and ran 45 yards for a touchdown, making the score 16 to 12. He was all over the field, analyzing and tipping off the Wolverines' plays in advance, tackling viciously, smashing interference and piling up the runner.

Then he caught another punt. He raced across the field twice, spinning and twisting away from tacklers, back and forth, until the opposition was badly strung out. He turned for pay dirt. Dodging and side-stepping, he was apparently in the clear, headed for the goal line, when Willie Heston made a desperate dive.

He missed, but one hand clipped Eckie's twinkling heel. Eckie went to his knees, staggered up again; but his momentum was gone and he went down. Michigan went on to win, 21 to 12, and Heston had his revenge for that tackle by Eckersall from the rear.

The year 1905, however, made up for everything. It was Chicago and Michigan again, and Yost had another great team. The score was 0—0 and Chicago was backed up to its own goal posts. Eckie dropped back in the end zone to kick out.

Then he noticed something—Michigan's deployment to block the kick had left one side of its line vulnerable. A stratagem formed quickly in his mind but he didn't dare reveal it to his teammates, for fear their involuntary actions might give it away.

He called the kick signal. But he didn't kick. When the ball came back Eckie was away, streaking for the weak side without interference. While the Chicago players listened for the thud of the punt they heard instead the swish-swish of Eckie's flipping legs. He carried the ball out 43 yards in a brilliant and daring individual play.

After an exchange of punts he booted over Michigan's goal line. If Eckie's gamble had gone wrong and he had been stopped behind his own goal line he could have been the prize football

dunce of 1905. But that honor was reserved for Hezzie Clark, the Wolverines' safety man. All Hezzie had to do was touch the kick down and have it taken out to the 20-yard line. But he elected to carry it out himself.

Chicago's Catlin caught him back of the marker and Chicago had the two winning points.

There was the time, too, when the University of Texas came up from the Southwest to take us on. Nobody knew much about them, but the sportswriters built them up as giants who averaged 197 pounds and who could all do the 100 in ten flat. On the opening kickoff the Texans trampled us back to our five-yard line in no time at all.

JUST when a touchdown looked sure, the ball flew out of a Texan's arms smack into the arms of Eckie. He ran 107 yards for a touchdown. Texas collapsed like a toy balloon and Chicago won, 68-0.

Because the game was resulting in so many deaths and serious injuries, an effort was made, at the behest of President Teddy Roosevelt, to open it up with the forward pass in 1906. This was Eckie's last year. Some might have been stumped by the startling innovation, but not he.

With a much less wieldy ball than is used today, he passed as beautifully and as accurately as anyone in the game now.

Walter Eckersall has been dead for 17 years. A heart attack was fatal to him at 46. But he will always stay with me and those others who watched him in action.

I can still see his slight, wiry form moving like a dancing shadow about the field—running, kicking, passing, shouting his signals in a voice that thrilled. Football may be dead at the University of Chicago, but Walter Eckersall, the greatest football player who ever lived, will live forever in the record books.

Illustrated
by
CARL MUELLER

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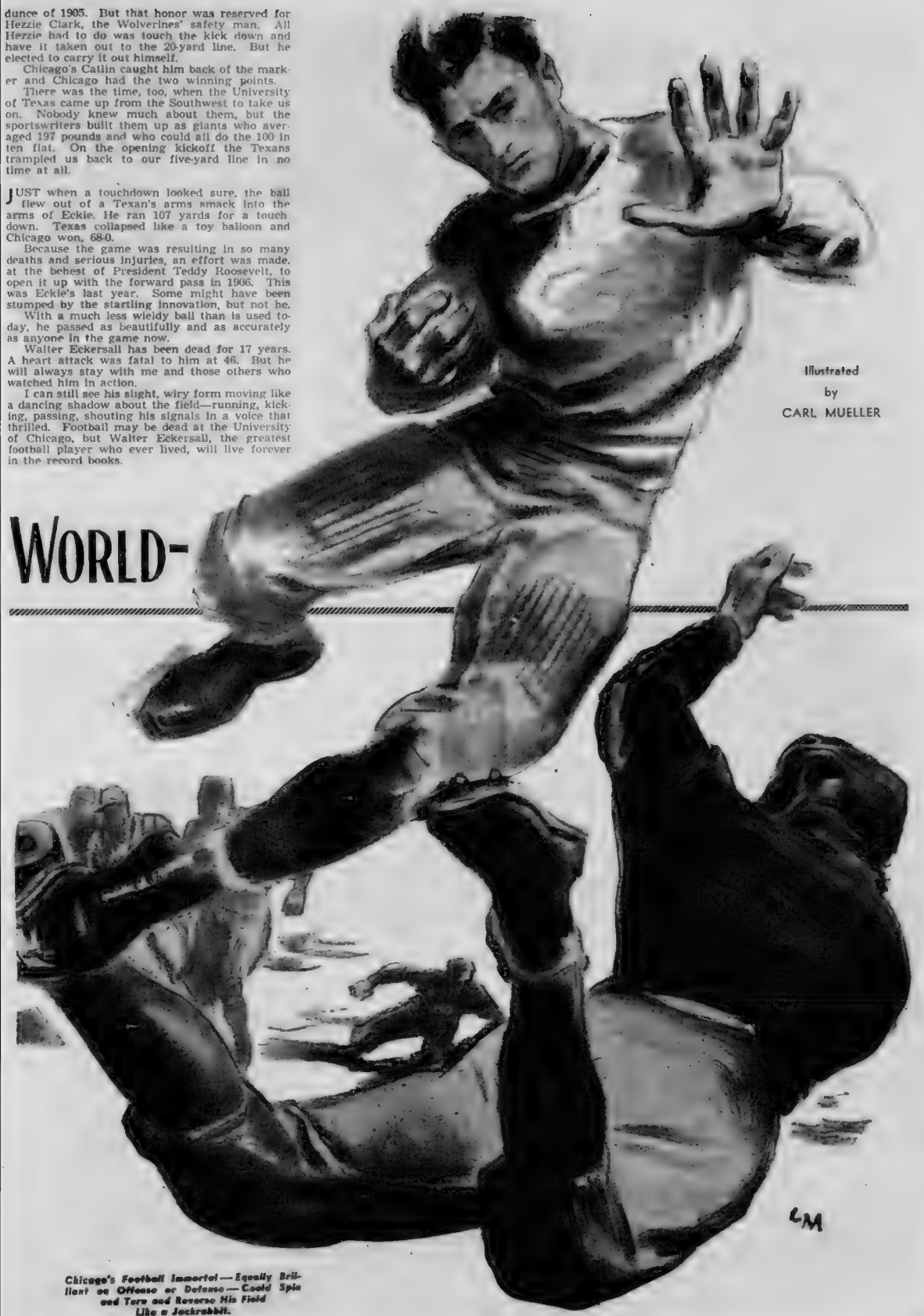

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By Ursula Trow

Ruth Ruddy Went to New York With $50 to Start a New Life, and It Took Time and Courage to Convince Skeptical Furriers That They Could Trust a Woman to Know About Furs. Now, She Earns $50,000 a Year.

THE Rise OF RUTH RUDDY

THE MONTREAL train roared into New York's Grand Central Terminal. Ruth Ruddy stretched her long legs. It had been a tedious ride. The three little Ruddys—Simmy, 7, Albert, 6, and Gerald, 3—were showing the strain, too. Ruth nudged her mother, who was nodding.

"We're in New York," she announced, trying to sound cheerful. She didn't feel cheerful, though, with only $50 in her handbag. Fifty dollars, on which to start a new life in a strange city. Would she be able to get a job. Could she earn enough to clothe, shelter and feed five people?

Was this better than the unsuccessful marriage she'd left behind? She'd made her choice. Now she'd have to prove that she'd done right.

That was 11 years ago. Today, if a fur designing business of her own, earnings of $50,000 a year, six fur coats and jewelry, and a 10-room Riverside Drive apartment can be offered as evidence, Ruth Ruddy has proved her point.

It took courage, planning and study, but first of all it meant finding a job.

Jobs, in 1936, were as scarce as apartments today. But Ruth Ruddy is tall and blond and streamlined. She didn't have to do too much fast talking to land a job at American-Mitchell Fashions. What talking she did was part French, and that clinched the deal. Ruth was hired as a model and part-time Paris fashion translator.

The pay was good—$75—not the $1,000 a week she makes today, but then it was manna from Heaven.

There was only one hitch to all this, Ruth told herself. Models don't last long. Father Time cuts into their earning power. There comes a day when they're no longer young and handsome enough to be style-setters. Ruth Ruddy intended to be prepared for that day.

The day never came, for Ruth still models her own creations for her customers. Nevertheless, she was prepared. She had gone to evening school to study fur designing.

Why fur designing? "Well," says Ruth, "having been brought up in Canada seems to have given me a natural understanding of furs."

It's not a talent that can't be acquired by others, she explains, but fur fashioning does take a certain sureness and fearlessness. You can't afford to make mistakes with expensive minks and stay in business.

Fast talking—fluent American this time—and samples of her designs landed Ruth a job at Ralph Zito, Inc. five years later.

Women just didn't design fur coats. They never had designed them. Furriers were afraid to try her designs for fear they'd ruin their skins. Yes, they admitted, her designs looked logical and stylish on paper and when worked in the gray wool models, but in fur? Could you trust a woman to know about fur?

It took persuasion, demonstration and time to win the furriers over. Today they all agree that a woman knows best what other women will like and wear in fur fashions.

Two years ago Ruth bought out Ralph Zito. Now she's president of her own business. Her sister, Jean, is co-owner and secretary-treasurer. The firm's name is going to be changed to Ruddy Zito. Daughter Simmy, now 18, has joined the firm. She recently graduated from the Fashion Institute, to which she had a scholarship. Simmy, says her proud mother, is going to do junior fur fashions. The boys aren't going into the fur business.

Last week they were planning to be engineers. This week it's architects.

Though Ruth Ruddy is a fur coat designer—and one of the best—there isn't a fur coat in her showroom. What you see on the racks are gray wool cloth models. Furriers pick the coat design they like—or a sleeve of one coat, the collar of another and the body of a third. That's all right with Ruth. She sells the pattern for each, in paper.

These paper patterns cost $25 each. The furrier takes them to his shop and works his furs according to their directions.

Miss Ruddy goes to Paris twice a year for inspiration. She reports that Parisian fur fashions are extremely long, fussy, and padded at the hips. She gets ideas from these coats, but she's not planning to inflict them on American women.

"Completely impractical over here," she says.

She also does not plan to make fur coats without shoulder padding. The padding is far too flattering to a woman's figure to give it up, she says. Shoulders may be a little more rounded, but not unpadded.

American fur coats will be longer, though nowhere near the 49-50 inch level. If that makes a lot of three-quarter fur coat owners unhappy, Miss Ruddy suggests remodeling.

"Any furrier can do that for you," she says. "He takes the skins apart, matches them with additional fur, recuts it all, and sews it back together again. You can add a collar, different style sleeves and make it longer."

Ruth Ruddy feels there's a great future for women in fur designing. And she thinks the field can use a lot more women. She also says it's a field in which they can make a lot of money.

She herself can't quite decide whether she's more enthusiastic about her work or the money she gets for it. She's quite frank about enjoying money, and what it will buy—pearls and diamonds, the large expensive apartment, the spiffy new car. Most important of all are her six luscious fur coats—a leopard, a mink, persian lamb, nutria, and a black and white koh-i-nur throw stole.

Of course, there's the schooling for the boys. And eventually, there'll be a ranch—in Texas, she hopes.

UNMARRIED MILLIONAIRES—Tom Frelinghuysen

Horses and Women—and Water—Dominate Giant War Memorials Envisioned by Sculptor With a Navy Background

LIKE many another wealthy bachelor, Tom Frelinghuysen's major interests are horses and women, but in his case the attraction is objective and impersonal. He's a sculptor, and a serious one, with a predilection for creating statues of his two chosen subjects

Figures of horses and women fill the former racing stable that he has converted into a studio and home on his 111-acre estate near Matawan, N. J. Most of them are in miniature, which is in decided contrast to the heroic figures that he hopes to design as war memorials

He has models of two behemoth bronzes installed in stainless steel pools at his studio. Perhaps his wartime Navy experience has left a mark on him. At any rate, he thinks of memorials as related to water. One of them, which would be 25 or 30 feet high when completed, has a string of horses rearing skyward out of a pool at an angle of about 45 degrees. The other, which he visualizes in a tidewater basin, is the huge figure of a wounded warrior being lifted from the depths by a trio of sea nymphs

A Holland Dutch family, the Frelinghuysens came to America about 1600, settled along New Jersey's Raritan River and have been prominent ever since in politics, commerce and religion They established the Dutch Church in New Jersey, and Tom's great-uncle, Theodore Frelinghuysen, founded the Bible Society, was first president of Rutgers University and a candidate for Vice-President on the ticket with Henry Clay

TOM'S great-great-grandfather, Frederick Frelinghuysen, was an American general in the Revolution and leader of the force that put down the Whiskey Rebellion. His grandfather, Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, was Secretary of State under President Chester A. Arthur. A statue was erected to the secretary's memory in Newark Tom's father thought the head was very bad and had it replaced; but Tom, speaking strictly as a professional, says the second head was no better

The artistic flair in the family came from Tom's mother, who was the daughter of Thomas T. Kinney, newspaperman and a collector of paintings and other objets d'art. His sister, Estelle, is an abstractionist painter and so is her husband, George L. K. Morris, who is a descendant of a signer of the Declaration of Independence

Tom, who is staunchly a realist, doesn't discuss art with his sister or brother-in-law, but he admires his sister's sense of humor. She threw the editors of the New York Social Register into a dither in 1936 by listing her Pekinese as a "junior" under the name of Miss Rose. Since the Peke didn't even have a pedigree, a lot of newcomers to society were shocked by the resultant publicity, but the Morris-Frelinghuysen prestige was sufficient to keep them in the Social Register despite the episode

Tom's fondness for horses may stem from the fact that he learned to ride when he was three, or it may be because his father, at his request, drew horses for him night after night when he was a child. Tom would almost as soon draw as sculpt. He hires models for days at a time and draws them from every possible angle, getting the same long flowing lines that he puts into his three-dimensional work

He was graduated in 1927 from Princeton, where he majored in English and specialized in lyric and dramatic poetry. Outside of a little architecture he took only one art course—a history of ancient art—but he had begun to dabble in clay and found that sculpturing interested him more and more

HE knew one thing—that whatever he did must be real and basic. One of his best pieces is a horse which has just been killed at an attack. His statues of women, he realized, must be nudes, freed from the artificialities of clothing. His portraits would have to be faces as he saw them, clearly recognizable but with all the blemishes left by disposition or weathering

His feeling for odd scenes and figures began to transcend everything else One night he heard a noise in a pen where he kept prize chickens He grabbed a flashlight and a gun and hurried out. It was a weasel eating his chickens. In the beam of his flashlight it stood almost erect and glared at him. Instead of killing it, he hurried to his studio and spent the rest of the night modeling its defiant form out of clay.

A keen observer might be able to tell Frelinghuysen's profession from his hands. His fingers are long and artistic but his wrists are unusually strong and supple. As he talks or listens, his fingers slowly study the texture of the upholstery in the chair in which he is sitting, as if recording it for future use

Although he is of medium height, his slender wiry figure seems inadequate in proportion to the power in his hands. Two days after Pearl Harbor he tried to enlist in the Navy but was turned down because he was under weight

"Come back when you're six pounds heavier," the recruiter said

Tom spent the next two months doing practically nothing but eating. When he returned he made the weight requirement. His experience as a sculptor was discounted as impractical in the Navy, but because he knew something about architecture he was made a carpenter's mate, second class, in the Seabees and sent to Midway

Very little camouflage work had been done at Midway, and when Tom suggested that some might be in order, he was told to go ahead. A wrecked freighter in the harbor was a distinguishing landmark, particularly for visiting Japanese airmen, so Tom painted it to resemble a pile of lumber. Soon after a high-ranking admiral flew in and his pilot had considerable difficulty in finding the field because he was relying on the derelict to guide him

The admiral got very huffy about the matter at first but was generous with his praise when he learned what had happened.

Midway had been a bird sanctuary before the armed forces arrived. Albatrosses searched in vain for their nesting places when air strips began to cross the island, and vast numbers were struck by planes arriving or leaving

Tom wrote a few pieces on the subject for the Midway Mirror, a mimeographed service publication, and suddenly learned to his dismay that he had been made bird warden

It was a cushy job, but not a pleasant one. The albatrosses, which were better known as gooney birds, usually had enough fat on their bodies to live two or three weeks after they had been maimed. His task was to put them out of their misery, as humanely as possible. He also had to kill thousands of shearwaters members of the petrel family—whose nesting places [illegible] covered with tar. They got so much of it on their feathers that they were unable to fly.

In the end it was his sculpturing rather than his camouflaging or bird care that got Frelinghuysen ahead in the Navy. His commanding officer, after talking to him, decided he would be an ideal man to work on relief maps. He was sent to Washington, commissioned as a junior grade lieutenant, and assigned to do a relief map of Kiska, the Aleutian island on which the Japs were causing so much trouble

HE and his 800-pound creation were flown to the Aleutians and put on a battleship. As the fleet's guns banged away at shore installations, planes spotted the enemy gun positions and Tom marked them on his map. It would have been of vital importance if an all-out assault had become necessary

Later he prepared relief maps of the Kuriles, Bougainville, Japanese cities—even the Happy Valley Race Track in Hong Kong. He found that the most reliable information came from an Imperial Japanese Land Survey made in 1938

Tom spent the last eight months of the war on Adak Island in the Aleutians, where he didn't have too much to do and was able to devote some of his time to molding clay. His Navy friends were interested but they couldn't understand a hobby that seemed to have no useful purpose.

When he thumbed out the torso of a woman, the comment was: "Not bad. Ought to make a pretty good lamp base." His statuette of a horse was admired as an excellent design for a doorstop

Tom came back to the States a full lieutenant, expecting to be put on a desk job for a few weeks before being mustered out. Instead he was sent to Captain Parrish, executive officer of the Navy's Aviation Training Literature Section, who assigned him to do a head of Admiral Fitch, commandant at Annapolis

AT the end of the second sitting, when he had put on the finishing touches, he said quietly: "You may secure now, Admiral," which is Navy idiom for dismissal. The admiral, who probably never before had received orders from a lieutenant, was startled for a moment but finally grinned

The Fitch portrait in clay was so good that Lieutenant Frelinghuysen was assigned to do heads of Admirals King, Halsey, McCain, Nimitz, Spruance, Mitscher and Turner for the Annapolis museum, and another of Commander Campbell, the Navy's ace

His subjects were inclined to be a trifle embarrassed by the proceedings, and some of them kept their eyes carefully on their paper-strewn desks until he had departed

Several months later one of Tom's friends was on a boat with Admiral Halsey and remarked that he had seen the portrait that Lieutenant Frelinghuysen had done. "Lieutenant Frelinghuysen?" said the Admiral. "Never heard of him."

TOM was rather annoyed by Halsey's forgetfulness, but Captain Parrish explained it:

"To an admiral a lieutenant is one thing and one thing only—a man qualified to stand a deck watch at sea. If you had been a civilian when he posed for you, he would have remembered."

The rambling, porticoed 18-stall stable which Tom has converted to his domestic use makes a perfect setting for a bachelor with artistic leanings. Acting as his own architect, he remodeled it into large, homey rooms paneled with knotty pine. The studio, high-ceilinged with skylights and a balcony, seems almost like a conservatory with huge potted plants in the corners and canaries singing from cages. There is even a parrot, a rare gray African parrot with red markings, called Gus in memory of his predecessor, and a pleasant companion except when he imitates the doorbell and interrupts Tom's work with fruitless excursions to the front entrance

The estate was once the site of a private training track of John A. Morris, owner of Morris Park, a famous New York racing track of almost a century ago. The 45-acre oval around which the thoroughbreds once trained is now planted in wheat and forms a gigantic lawn for the house

Tom lives there with an elderly couple, one of whom keeps house while the other superintends the grounds.

THERE is a very informal relationship. When the housekeeper comes in to announce dinner, she doesn't say "Dinner is served" but merely "Thomas, it's 7 o'clock."

The feeling of his friends on Adak that art has to be useful strikes a very discordant note in the Frelinghuysen make-up. He is a firm believer in non-functional memorials—art for art's sake, to be trite—and he is thoroughly out of sympathy with the movement in some communities to commemorate the war dead with parks, swimming pools, community houses and similar items

Build them by all means, he says, but let's not confuse memorials with projects which should have been carried out a long time ago.

Model Holds a Difficult Pose While Sculptor Tom Frelinghuysen Gives Shape to a Mermaid Detail for One of His Projected War Memorial Groups.

(Exclusive American Weekly Photograph by Tony Sarno.

VANISHED GLORY OF THE Costello SISTERS

By William Engle

EVERYTHING stopped when Maurice Costello, the nation's matinee idol, strolled into the old Vitagraph studio in Brooklyn one morning back in the early days of silent pictures. The players and electricians and handy men stood and stared.

For the first time Costello was accompanied. He was hand in hand with his two little girls, blond and cute Dolores, and darkly beautiful Helene. All three were radiant, for it was the day of the Costello sisters' picture debut, and they and their handsome father made so brave a sight that the others paused before they gathered around with greetings.

"Those kids will be great stars some day. Nothing can stop them." Every one agreed on that. It was a prediction made almost with the finality of foreknowledge.

It came true, of course. In due time Dolores and Helene were both starred. Their pictures made them known everywhere. Their salaries were great, their way of life lavish.

Now the story changes. The prediction did not cover the end. Helene, of the great, dark eyes and sweet, grave face, once a $3,000 a week queen of romantic drama, recently was destitute and despairing, living in the Motion Picture Relief Fund Home in North Hollywood.

The word "destitute" was put upon her by her own consent. Seeking adequate support from her estranged husband, George Le Blanc, a studio artist, whom she has sued for divorce, she informed a Los Angeles court through her lawyer that she resided now in "an old folks' home."

Living there also, the days of his glory faded forever, is her father, no longer able to earn a living on stage or screen, forgotten by a world in which a new generation venerates only the heroes of its own making.

"I think I'd feel better if I could move into a little place of my own," Helene told Judge Kurtz Kauffman, and he ordered her husband to increase his contribution to her to $200 a month.

The court order signalized both the dreary finale of Helene's career and the failure of her fourth marriage.

The career had only a false start in those Vitagraph days in Brooklyn. She and Dolores received only bit parts as children. As they grew up, their father's popularity waned, and the girls kept at their studies, Helene at Ladycliff Academy on the Hudson and Dolores with a private tutor.

Their father, fighting the years, sank to a pitifully small part in a Bebe Daniels picture, and the girls waited vainly in the anterooms of the Paramount studio in Astoria, Long Island.

Their first good luck came in musical comedy. They were talented dancers, and the George White office put them in a sister act in the "Scandals."

In 1928, after both had been considered for the role opposite John Barrymore in "The Sea Beast," and Dolores had received the part, Dolores was married to Barrymore, with Helene as bridesmaid.

Helene won distinction in her own right when she became the star of the first "all talking" picture, "Lights of New York," in which she appeared with Gladys Brockwell, Cullen Landis and Mary Carr.

From that she went on to other successes, and her last film was "Midnight Taxi," in which Antonio Moreno and William Russell were the other corners of a triangle.

Dolores the Golden, Once Mrs. John Barrymore, Has Drunk From the Same Cup of Bitterness as the Dark Lovely Helene.

Along the way she has been married four times, and three of the marriages have ended in divorce.

A childhood sweetheart, John Regan, was her first husband, whom she divorced in 1928 after six months of matrimony. She said she provided support for the household and he belittled the movies.

An actor, the late Lowell Sherman, was next. Their marriage in 1930 in Hollywood was a social event, with such movie celebrities as Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford and John Gilbert among the guests.

Within two years they were in a divorce court. Sherman said Helene called him "a ham actor" and "a fat old man." Helene said Sherman chased her with a dog whip.

The judge finally gave her the decree on her cross complaint, and from the courtroom throng her father rushed up with appropriate timing, and kissed her.

Then Helene married a young Cuban, Dr. Arturo del Barrio, and four years later he obtained a divorce in Cuba on grounds of incompatability.

Reverses set in. A long illness from a serious lung infection forced Helene's retirement from the screen. Thieves stole $30,000 worth of jewels from her home. She planned a comeback but did not make it.

Again she was married, this time to her present husband, the studio artist, Le Blanc. A daughter, Deidre, was born to them a year later, but complete happiness eluded them. Debts forced Helene into bankruptcy and ill health continued to harass her.

When Le Blanc entered the Merchant Marine during the war the romance was waning, and Helene's sister, now happily married to Dr. John Vruwink, Beverly Hills physician, was named guardian of little Deidre. A custody suit, however, with both Helene and Le Blanc claiming the child, will remain pending until next summer, when the divorce case can be scheduled for trial.

Dolores' family life has been happier than Helene's just as her stage career has been more spectacular. She remained married to Barrymore seven years before divorcing him, and in 1939 she married Dr. Vruwink, who had attended her at the birth of her two children, Dolores Barrymore and John Barrymore II.

In one respect the sisters' lives have run parallel. Each has found her relations with her father growing increasingly strained. Once the feeling was so harsh that he alleged their mother was alienating them from him. Now that feeling is less bitter, but the old camaraderie seems gone with the years.

None of the three who walked so bravely into the old Vitagraph studio in a past era considers a comeback now. Maurice Costello is handicapped by his age. Dolores is preoccupied with private life. Helene's goal is a little place of her own.

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This nutty Jack-o'-Lantern Salad really is a peach! Arrange lettuce on each plate. Next, a mound of cottage cheese, mixed with plenty of coarsely chopped *Diamond* Walnuts; top with a peach half. Make Jack-o's features with bits of green pepper and give him a crisp bow-tie of *Diamond* Walnut halves!

BLACKIE, the good luck Cat

The Davenports of Malden, Mass., Have Special Reasons for Knowing That a Black Cat Shouldn't Be Blamed for Bringing Bad Luck.

ACCORDING to an ancient and universal superstition, a cat named Blackie should have been blamed for the hard luck that came to Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Davenport of Malden, Mass., when their rooming house caught fire.

But though Blackie is tarred with the brush of tradition as an omen of evil, he has been a blessing to the Davenports since he came to them, homeless and hungry, a year ago. His behavior has convinced them that the world has been unfair to cats of his hue for centuries.

Their high opinion of Blackie is accentuated by the fact that a pale feline named Whitey, also owned by the Davenports, has never made any contribution to the family welfare.

Blackie and Whitey were dozing peacefully by the kitchen stove one night last summer, when smoke reached their sensitive nostrils. It came from upstairs. Tradition would have it that Whitey rushed to the rescue, while Blackie basked in the knowledge that his direful presence had paid off at last. But the roles were reversed.

Whitey scurried under the stove out of harm's way. Blackie raced up the stairs. He found his master asleep on a blazing bed, set afire by a cigarette dropped by Davenport as he dozed off. Thick smoke was rolling through the upstairs rooms.

Blackie leaped to his master's chest and clawed at his face. Davenport awoke, pajamas afire. He ran to his wife's bedroom, found her unconscious and carried her to safety. The roomers were aroused and made their way out.

They owed their narrow escape from death to Blackie. He had proven —for the third time—that the day he came to the Davenports a year ago, forlorn and hungry, was the luckiest day of their lives—despite his black color, with a few white markings.

At that time friends advised: "Get rid of him. Don't you know black cats are bad luck?" The Davenports were familiar with the superstition, but they didn't care. "He's hungry," they explained. "We can't turn him out."

"The very next day after we found Blackie," Mrs. Davenport said, "we had a rare stroke of luck. We were saved from being evicted by buying a rooming house at a great bargain. Then we began making money for the first time in our lives."

Once, when they were out driving, with Blackie in the back seat, a driverless car careened toward them. Sensing danger, Blackie leaped onto Davenport's lap. This caused Davenport to lose control and jump the sidewalk — but the runaway car whizzed by, missing them by inches.

Blackie and his brethren have labored under the stigma of being bringers of bad luck since time immemorial.

Eusebius of Caesarea, an early Christian bishop, said that black cats were always used for "black magic" because they are "dark victims to the powers of darkness." Black cats have always been the favorite symbol of the devil and even today many of them bear the name Satan.

The brains of black cats were the favorite weapon of witchcraft in the manufacture of charms and talismans. The first Christians believed that a black cat seen on a grave meant that the departed was in the devil's power. Dreaming of a black cat at Christmas time signified a dangerous illness the following year. Even today the Chinese consider a black cat an omen of sickness or poverty.

In Normandy a black cat crossing one's path in the moonlight was a warning of death from an epidemic a superstition that exists today in simplified form. In Germany a black cat on a sick person's bed foretold death. The Talmud links the animal with the fearful unseen:

"If the eye could perceive the demons that people the universe, existence would be impossible. The demons are more numerous than we are; they surround us on all sides like trenches dug round vineyards.

"Let him who desires to see them take of the secundine of a black cat, which is of the first litter of a black cat, which was of the first litter of the mother; and having burnt the same in the fire, beat it to a powder, and put a little of it in his eyes, and then he at once perceives the demons."

There are almost as many black superstitions connected with the black cat as there are black cats themselves, and they range the world. Even the comparatively few instances in which they are looked upon as good luck have their basis in the black cat's union with the devil, who supposedly had the power to bring one worldly goods.

Blackie isn't, of course, the first of his inky ilk to fly in the face of superstition and become an instrument of good fortune instead of bad.

Perezosa, black cat mascot of the Chilean freighter Perla del Sud, saved the owners of the vessel $200,000. When the crew abandoned the foundering freighter, Perezosa (his name means "lazy") was too indolent to save himself. He stayed and slept.

Later, when the owners of a tug boat that towed the ship to port demanded a huge salvage price, their claim was thrown out because, with Perezosa aboard, the ship could not be considered a derelict "without a living creature."

You'd have a hard time convincing Mrs. J. G. Barker of Atlanta that black cats are bad luck. She was going blind in one eye and feared the necessary operation. One day Socrates, her black cat, raked her ailing eyeball with one of his claws. Unwittingly, Socrates performed the feared operation. Mrs. Barker regained her eyesight.

Numerous other black cats have performed deeds that proved them to be benign, rather than benighted, members of the animal kingdom. They, like Blackie, have done their bit to debunk a murky myth that is as old as civilization.

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Seeing-Eye Boy

By CHARLES GODDARD

"WHAT a serious little boy."

Such is the frequent comment of strangers passing along North 42nd Street, Milwaukee.

The serious youngster is five-year-old Wayne Zimdars, perhaps the world's youngest back-seat driver, whose commands are obeyed without hesitation by his mother.

To casual strangers, he is just a boy being driven along the right side of the street in his coaster wagon by his mother—unless they notice that she has the type of red and white cane often carried by the blind.

The Blind Couple Depend on Their Five-Year-Old Son to Guide Them Smoothly and Safely Through the Dark.

As the pair approaches an intersection, Wayne leans forward, gazes up and down the cross street and issues instructions according to the situation. Whether these be, "Whoa, Mother, car coming," or "O. K., Mother," Mrs. Zimdars does as she is told.

AT Capitol Drive, they must make a turn for the market which is the objective of the expedition. Her "seeing-eye" son makes it easy for her to take the turn without slowing her stride.

At the market a clerk takes over, leading the blind woman from counter to bin where her fingers and nostrils tell her whether melons and bananas are at the right stage of ripeness.

She is unable to read the labels on cans, of course, but she knows the brands she wants and her sense of taste can not be fooled.

The goods are packed in the coaster, leaving room for the back-seat chauffeur, "mother, the engine" cranks up and home they go to Parklawn, a Federal Housing Project, four and a half blocks away.

Besides traffic there are other hazards, such as children playing ball in the street. Sometimes it is necessary for Wayne to get out and become a traffic officer, explaining things to the children.

At other times, when the family is out together, his father pulls the coaster with Wayne as his guide.

Who trained Wayne to be a seeing-eye boy? According to his mother, Dolores Zimdars, who is 31 years old, and his father, Elmer Zimdars, 37, also blind (but only for the past 10 years), the boy trained himself.

When he was old enough to talk, he already knew that his parents were blind in the eyes but supposed they could see with hands. He used to hand them pictures to look at with their fingers. When this brought disappointing results, he resurveyed the situation.

Though his mother, who does the cooking and housework, moves rapidly about the kitchen as accurately as if she could see, he noticed that when she dropped anything and did not recapture it before the sound of rolling stopped, she was in trouble.

If he failed to return anything used by either parent to the exact spot where he found it, it might mean hours of search.

House Rule No. 1 was: A place for everything and everything in its place—and it must first be placed there by a parental hand.

The boy learned to listen for the sound of something dropped and to pick it up. From this he graduated to the world of unpredictable objects, outside the house, where his parents could not "see" beyond the ends of their canes. Thus he gradually took over the "seeing-eye" job.

MRS. ZIMDARS is careful to assure questioners that, outside of his excellent job as a guide, the young ster is a normal boy—and no angel. She would be worried if it were otherwise.

The Zimdarses are a happy couple who married six years ago and make light of their situation by saying that love may be blind but that their romance was definitely not love at first sight. Four years ago, Elmer got his job in the assembly department of a Milwaukee industrial plant.

"Blindness is easy for me, because I never knew anything else," says the mother of the "seeing-eye" boy, "but Elmer had to learn to live in the dark."

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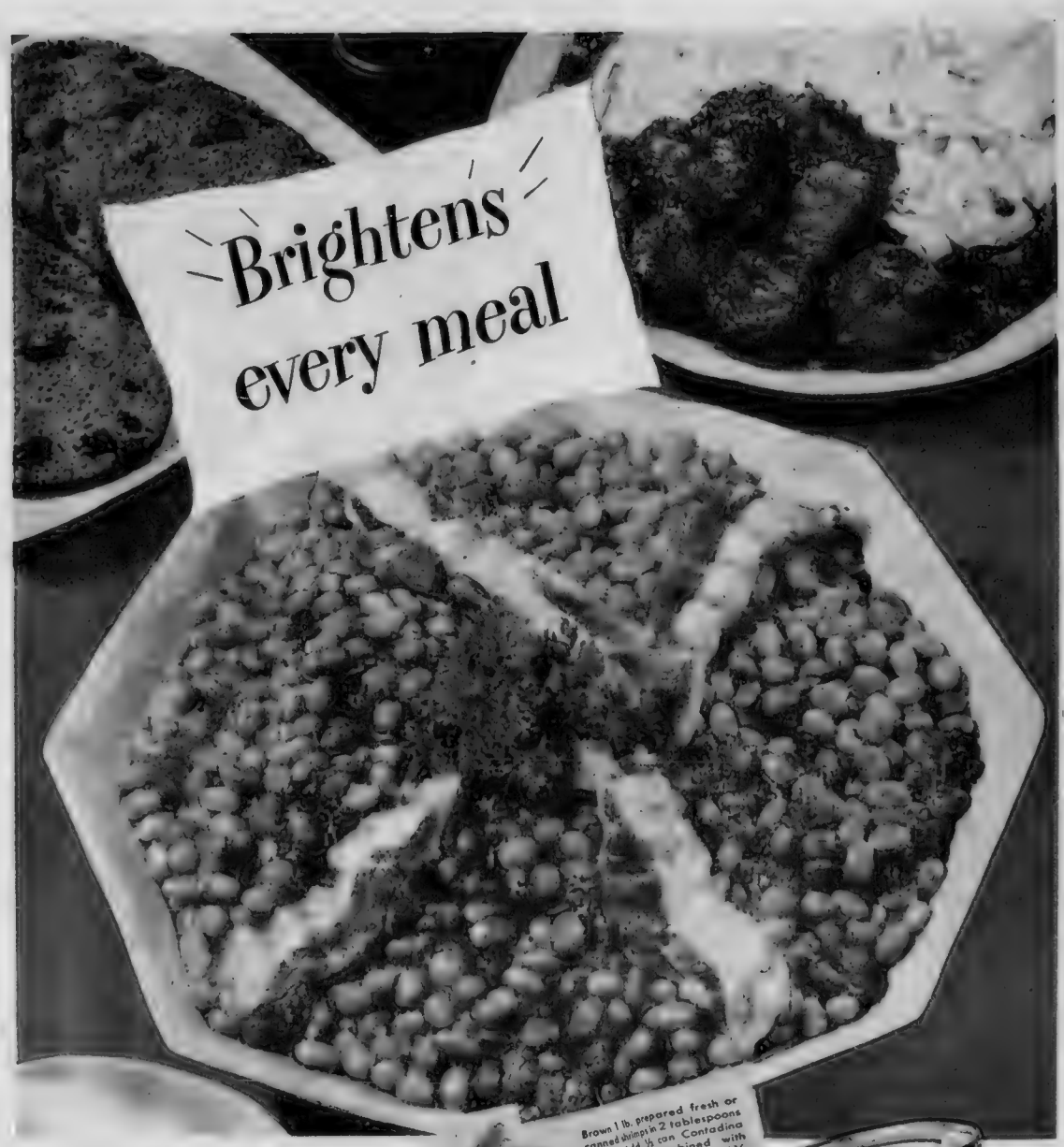
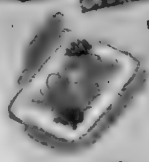


Does your cooking rate orchids, or is it just getting by? Whether you cook for two or a crowd . . . serving tasty, eye-appealing meals need no longer be a wishful dream, but a glorious reality . . . by making your own sauces from CONTADINA—America's favorite TOMATO PASTE!

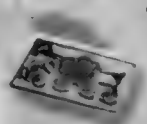
Do not confuse Contadina Tomato Paste with catsup, chili sauce, or highly seasoned tomato sauces. It is not a watery liquid with some added flavors. Contadina is all tomato . . . nothing but tomato . . . skins, cores and seeds removed! *It takes more than 2 pounds of the choicest sun-ripened California tomatoes to make one 6 oz. can of concentrated Contadina Tomato Paste.*

Even the plainest foods take on a glow of glamour when pepped up with Contadina . . . the tomato paste so long the first choice of critical cooks.



SHRIMPS
A LA CONTADINA

Brown 1 lb. prepared fresh or canned shrimp in 2 tablespoons butter. Add ½ can Contadina Tomato Paste combined with 1½ cups hot water and 1½ cups cooked rice. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Simmer 5 minutes or until mixture is of desired consistency. Serve in a platter or in individual casseroles, and garnish with parsley.



BROILED
OR BAKED FISH

Cook 2 tablespoons of finely chopped onion with 2 tablespoons of finely chopped green pepper in 2 tablespoons of oil or butter for 5 minutes or until tender. Add ½ can Contadina Tomato Paste combined with 1½ cups of hot water and 1½ teaspoons of salt, with dash of pepper. Simmer 5 or 10 minutes until thick. Spread over broiled or baked fish cooked as desired

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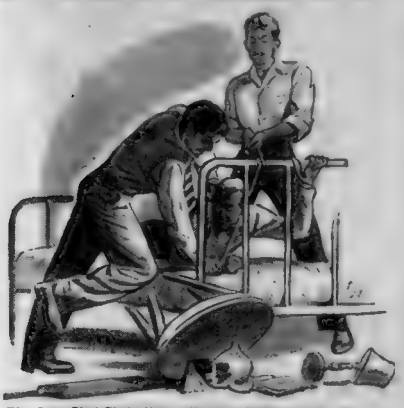
Home-Made Justice

FOLKS in Burnage, near Manchester, England, grew accustomed years ago to sounds of strife being wafted from the home of Jim Anthony, a husky carpenter. Jim was known as a hot-tempered man, quick to chastise his sons. Even his wife, Hilda, didn't always escape his wrath, the gossips whispered.

New and even louder cries of anguish came from the Anthony house one night recently, and even the old-



The Boys Tied Their Heavy-Headed Father to the Bed and Gave Him a Good Dose of His Own Harsh Medicine.

est neighbors couldn't identify the sounds.

Somebody called the police. A constable restored order and an astonishing

Old Jim hadn't been beating anyone this time. Instead, those distressed bellows had come from the iron-fisted father. His two biggest sons, now strong lads in their early 20s, had tied him across a bed with a clothesline and given him a dose of his own medicine with the paddle he had often wielded on them.

Next day the boys told their story before a magistrate, and soon the whole county was debating whether the youngsters were justified in giving their father a drubbing.

"He kept coming home in a nasty mood and hitting us," Jim Jr. and Alan Anthony testified. "He also struck our mother and he was growing meaner instead of gentler. He threatened to kill Mother but she wouldn't tell the police."

The boys considered taking their father to court, but doubted any judge's admonitions would be heeded by the headstrong man.

"The problem was our own and we decided to settle it in private," said Jim, Jr. "We first overpowered Father and tied him to the bed. We knew he'd break out into a temper, otherwise.

"He wouldn't listen, so we gave him what he had given us hundreds of times."

The magistrate voiced sympathy, but pointed out that only courts have legal authority to inflict punishment. He found the sons

but softened the blow by fining them a nominal $8.

The magistrate turned then to their red-faced father, who seemed on the verge of an angry outburst.

"You," he said, "I bind over to keep the peace with your wife and sons for at least one year."

Critics of the reverse spanking quoted the Biblical command of "Honor thy father and thy mother." Others retorted that it wasn't possible to honor both parents under the circumstances and that the sons did right in choosing to honor their mother and defend her against their father's harsh ways.

Close neighbors of the family no longer argue the point. They remark that the Anthony home has grown quieter since the boys paddled Pop.

LIKE MAGIC

Premium Sinclair Oil gives your car more power

Witches, especially beautiful ones like Lynn Bari, may find plenty of power in a magic broomstick. But you'll find you get more power from your car with the modern magic of *premium* Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil.

Tests prove Opaline gives your car more power because it contains special chemicals developed by Sinclair. Like magic these chemicals clean carbon, sludge and other power-stealing deposits from the motor. *Premium* Opaline cleans as it lubricates.

Get more power from your car. Save on gasoline and oil. Ask for *premium* Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil where you see the Sinclair H-C Gasoline sign.

PREMIUM
SINCLAIR OPALINE MOTOR OIL
Keeps your motor clean as a whistle

KOUNTY KIST PEAS
BRAND

Great Value in good eating!

Minnesota Valley Canning Company, headquarters, Le Sueur, Minnesota

CASE of the

Officer Riehl Climbed the Winding Stairway to the Belfry. Under the Big Copper Bell, He Found the Girl's Body. Her Throat Showed the Marks of a Strangler. She Had Been Dead Ten Days.

Illustrated by HERMAN GIESEN

MODEL YOUNG MAN

By Peter Levins

"HAVE a reporter look into this. Might be a story there."

The young editor-owner of the San Francisco Examiner indicated a "personal" he had spotted back among the classified ads. It read:

"Blanche: No matter what has happened, come home to me. MAUD."

The reporter who was assigned visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Noble, in the Mission district of town, and learned that their niece, 21-year-old Blanche Lamont, had disappeared several days before, on Wednesday, April 3, 1895. The personal had been inserted by her younger sister, who feared that she might have gone astray and felt too ashamed to return.

Maud related that her sister, studying to be a teacher, had left for school at her usual time April 3, and had attended classes that day. However, she had failed to return home that afternoon, and she had failed to attend a prayer meeting that evening. No one had told the police, Maud said, because of certain embarrassing rumors that Blanche was leading a wayward life.

"How could such rumors get started?" the reporter asked.

"I don't know," the girl replied, "but somebody's been spreading the story."

The reporter took down details of Blanche's background. Born in Rockford, Ill. One of five children. Graduate of Rockford Seminary. Father deceased. Went to San Francisco in September, 1894. Student at Normal School. Powell st. Faithful church worker. Good-looking. Lovely auburn hair, big brown eyes. Height 5-7, weight 122. Was wearing blue dress, short black coat, small hat with flowers around brim.

That same day the Examiner informed the authorities about the missing girl.

Chief of Detectives I. W. Lees learned that Miss Lamont had been last seen at 3 p. m., April 3, as she left school with three girls. These girls said she had met a young man and boarded a street car with him. They agreed he appeared to be about 25, that he was stockily built, and had a small mustache. They had noticed him because there was a school rule which forbade students to have male escorts to or from classes.

The mystery of Blanche Lamont was still unsolved on Good Friday, April 12. On that day something happened to another young woman of the community.

She was Marian Elora Williams, 19, a slender, shy and very pretty girl employed as a maid in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clark H. Morgan in Alameda, across San Francisco Bay.

Miss Williams, known as Minnie, left the Morgan home at 2 p. m., April 12, with the intention of visiting a family named Voy in the Mission district (where she had formerly lived) for several days before joining her employers in their new home in Tacoma, Wash.

She told Mrs. Morgan she would attend a Christian Endeavor meeting that evening in the home of Thomas A. Vogel, a deacon of the Emmanuel Church on near-by Bartlett st. (This was also Blanche Lamont's church.) She had arrived at the Voy home at about 5, and had left at 8, presumably for the Vogel home. But somewhere en route she vanished.

On the morning of Saturday, the 13th, a group of women gathered at the church to decorate it for Easter. At about 10:30, one of them, Mrs. Herman Nolt, entered the library adjoining the altar to get a vase. She noticed that a door to a small room, where extra books were stored, stood ajar. She glanced inside—and screamed.

Theodore Durrant—the Young Medical Student Was a Devoted Member of the Church. He Didn't Drink, Smoke or Use Profanity.

SHE screamed because she saw the body of a young woman lying face up on a table. The girl had been slashed beyond recognition, and a piece of a broken dinner knife protruded from her chest. Two other fragments of knife lay beside her on the table, two more pieces on the floor. Her clothing had been torn and a wad of cloth stuffed into her mouth with a stick.

Mrs. Nolt dashed down the street to the boarding house of the pastor, the Rev. J. George Gibson, who was a bachelor. However, he did not return with her to the church at once; he waited until he could be accompanied by one of the trustees, Dr. W. Z. King.

Although Blanche Lamont's library card was found within a few feet of the body, neither the pastor nor Dr. King could say that it was she. Mr. Gibson, plainly distressed, hastened to an undertaker within a few minutes and said he wanted the body removed from the church at once. "I wish to avoid publicity," he said.

The undertaker said he wouldn't think of moving the body, and called the authorities. (As a matter of fact, Patrolman Barney Riehl, summoned by Dr. King, had already arrived.

Mr. Gibson's behavior could be explained by the fact that his church had had a rather unfortunate history. One of the first pastors had committed suicide in the church study, another had killed a leading citizen and been acquitted, and a third had carried on so among the womenfolk that he had been compelled to resign.

Crowds gathered. The report spread that the body of Blanche Lamont had been found. But it wasn't Blanche Lamont. This victim was Minnie Williams, the pretty domestic from Alameda.

She had fought desperately for her life, the police said, and had been dead at least 12 hours. Several horsehairs were found on the torn clothing. The girl's purse was missing.

Pastor Gibson was the first person questioned.

He said he'd arrived at the church at 8 that Saturday morning. He'd found the rear door closed but unlocked, which was unusual. Then he'd noticed that the lock on the vestibule door leading to the library had been broken. This had puzzled him, he said, but he had done nothing about it. He said he went to his study for an hour's reading and writing, then went home.

The second person questioned, Frank Sademan, the janitor, said he had arrived shortly after 8, had noticed the broken door, and mentioned the matter to Mr. Gibson. "Leave it to me," he quoted the pastor as saying. "I'll have it investigated. Meanwhile, say nothing about it."

Patrolman Riehl called on Miss Lamont's aunt, Mrs. Noble. She now revealed that, on that Saturday morning, she had received a curious package in the mail. It had contained three of Blanche's rings, wrapped in newspaper, and on the margin of the wrapping had been printed the names of three prominent members of Emmanuel Church: George King, the organist; Theodore Durrant, church librarian, Christian Endeavor Society secretary and assistant superintendent of the Sunday School, and George Schoenstein, a music teacher.

"I hid the rings and the wrapping," said Mrs. Noble, "because I feared more than ever that the rumors about Blanche might be true."

Officer Riehl returned to the church. The next morning, while on guard there, it occurred to him to make a thorough search. He looked under the floors, into a dry well underneath the building. Finally he climbed a winding stairway to the belfry. He noticed that dust lay thick on the stairs except where footprints showed that a man had recently traversed those stairs—and an object appeared to have been dragged beside him.

The stairs, and Riehl's search, ended in a room 12 feet square. There, lying just beneath the big copper bell, he found the body of Blanche Lamont.

She was nude. She lay on her back, hands folded, a block of wood underneath her head. Her slender throat showed the marks of a strangler. Articles of her clothing had been stuffed between the studdings, laths and plaster of the belfry. She had been dead about 10 days.

According to police experts, Miss Lamont had been killed by a left-handed man with square-cut fingernails. Both murders, they believed, had been committed in the small room adjoining the church-library. Why Minnie Williams' body had been left in such an exposed place could not be explained; perhaps the killer had planned to place her in the belfry, too, and hadn't had time.

THE list of suspects narrowed down to Pastor Gibson and Theodore Durrant, for they both seemed to fit the description of the young man seen with Miss Lamont. Gibson, a native of Edinburgh, Scotland, had come to the United States in 1888, at the age of 29, and his first pastorate had been in Red Bluff, Cal.

In 1891, he had served in Chico, and had come to San Francisco in November, 1894. He was 5 feet 9, tall, strong and athletic. He had a short sandy mustache and large gray eyes.

Officials agreed that he would probably have averted suspicion had he not behaved so oddly after the discovery of Minnie Williams' body.

Granted that he had been apprehensive and anxious to avoid further unpleasant publicity for his seemingly jinxed church, why did he ask an undertaker to remove the remains before anyone in authority had seen it?

Durrant, a most devoted member of the Emmanuel congregation, had been born in Toronto, Canada, on April 24, 1871. When he was quite young, his parents took him and his sister, Maud, who was to become an internationally famous dancer, to Los Angeles, and in 1879 they had moved to San Francisco, where the father worked in a shoe factory.

At the time of the church murders, Durrant was a medical student at Cooper College. He appeared to be a model young man. He did not indulge in intoxicating beverages, did not smoke.

At Emmanuel Church, he served as librarian, secretary of the Christian Endeavor Society, and assistant superintendent of the Sunday School.

Moreover, he played the guitar, banjo and mandolin, and was a bugler in the signal corps of the California National Guard.

So how could he, of all persons, be suspected?

Nevertheless, he was tentatively identified as the young man seen with Blanche Lamont after she left school the day of her disappearance.

He had been seen that afternoon at the church.

He had been seen at the Alameda ferry on the afternoon of the 12th.

He had been horseback riding on the 12th.

He had been seen entering the church with a young woman that evening.

HE HAD apparently been the person who spread the rumors about Blanche having left home because of a scandal. Mrs. Noble said that Durrant had offered to look for the girl.

He was ambidextrous, and had square-cut fingernails.

A search of his home resulted in the finding of Minnie Williams' purse in his overcoat pocket.

Durrant's defense was a complete denial. He explained his possession of Minnie's purse by saying that he'd found it on the sidewalk while walking along Bartlett st.

His statement that he had not seen Miss Williams for three weeks was contradicted by Morgan, her employer, who asserted Durrant had called at the Alameda home a day or so before the murder, and by several medical students who saw him at the ferry building about the time Minnie crossed the bay to San Francisco.

Durrant's trial before Judge D. J. Murphy ended in his conviction on Nov. 1, 1895, and he was hanged on Jan. 7, 1898, after his family had spent a fortune trying to save him.

As the young editor-owner of the Examiner, whose name was William Randolph Hearst, had suspected, there was quite a story behind that obscure, anonymous personal buried back among the classified ads.

Next week Peter Levins will tell another story from the Album of Famous Mysteries.

ADVERTISEMENT

You are fluid, you
are a changing thing,
you are never finished,
you are always becoming.
Get away from the thwarting
idea that you must continue to be
the way you are. *You* can change yourself!

The two women who are YOU

They can make you over

MANY WOMEN live constantly with a sense of self-realization missed. Yet any normal woman may achieve personal distinction. And the success that goes with it.

There exists within you, waiting to be used, a tremendous force that can transform your whole world. It grows out of the *close interrelation* between the inner you and the outer you, and the power of each to change the other. You know, for example, how a sense of well-being, of inner confidence can radiate from a woman who has lifted herself out of physical *nondescriptness . . . into distinction.*

This power of *outer* change to effect *inner* change has to do with the basic nature of a woman. As the generalized fears of the male have to do with the loss of *strength*, so, when a woman's *appearance* is even threatened it arouses in her the deepest anxiety.

But—every effort a woman makes toward realizing her *physical* possibilities strengthens her constructive impulses . . . those that reach toward new experience, love, friendship, achievement. And these same efforts tend to neutralize the destructive impulses—the feelings of self-doubt, loneliness, defeat.

If you will resolve to work each day for self-realization, *your* whole world can change. You needn't feel dull and drab—always on the outskirts of life, never in the center. You *can* gain new power over yourself and your life. You can stand out as a personality, be vital, lovely, surrounded by people who love, admire you.

The great *laws of beauty* haven't changed. They are: a strong, healthy *circulation* that will help keep you, year in and year out, almost outside of time! A balanced *diet. Cleanliness. Relaxation*—do you know that one of the chief causes for the look of age is tenseness?

Organize your day *now*—so that there's a time for each of these rejuvenating habits. Exercise. A few minutes of conscious relaxation during the day. Plenty of sleep. Deep breathing while walking in the open. Plenty of water each day.

And for the face, the *You* that others see first, the living, moving screen on which plays the ever-changing drama of the wondrous life within you—practice the rites that follow. Your reward can be a face brought to a higher pitch, starry and fresh, happy, brightly alive.

You will find that if you will maintain these regular, thorough, careful renewal disciplines, it will affect your ability to organize your *whole* living and thinking.

Start *today!*

A New Face Treatment

Your skin—like a window—has two sides. To clean *one side* only is *not enough.* Pond's, working with distinguished dermatologists, has studied the needs, behavior and possibilities of facial skin—and now brings you the special new "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment that *acts on both sides of your skin at once.* It "capsules" your

ADVERTISEMENT

face care into four quick beauty-stimulating minutes that even the busiest of women can easily find time for.

FROM THE OUTSIDE the Pond's Cold Cream itself is working for you as you massage. This cleans your skin thoroughly. The fine, light, perfectly blended oils in Pond's have a satisfying way of softening, loosening and carrying off the day's surface dirt, make-up, dried-skin particles. These same light oils throw a protecting veil of softness over your skin.

FROM THE INSIDE—every step of this Pond's face treatment stimulates the circulation of your face to new beauty-giving activity. Tiny blood vessels are speeded up in their vital work of bringing in skin-cell food, and carrying away skin-cell waste. Your face looks softer, fresher, rose-tinted, *alive*.

How to give your skin Pond's *new* "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment

Twice daily, better three times, give your face this approach to skin health and beauty:

Hot Water Stimulation—
press face cloth, comfortably hot and wet against face to stimulate blood flow to skin.

Two Creamings—to "condition" skin—
1) ***Cleanse*** . . . coat face thick with Pond's Cold Cream. Work it over warm, damp skin in brisk circles—throat, too. Pond's thorough *demulcent* treatment sweeps dirt from pore openings. Tissue off.

2) ***Rinse*** . . . massage briskly with more Pond's Cold Cream to search out and rinse off last traces of dirt. Tissue off.

Cold Freshener Stimulation—
first splash with cold water—then pat on with moistened cotton the astringence of Pond's Freshener.

This "Outside-Inside" Pond's Face Treatment helps smooth away temporary lines of fatigue, wakes up lazy skin, leaves face freshened.

Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, III, says:

"The 'Outside-Inside' Face Treatment with Pond's helps my skin wonderfully—brings up better color, makes my face feel so soft and waked up."

Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., says:

"I've never done anything for my face that has given me such good results as this 'Outside-Inside' Face Treatment of Pond's."

Is yours a "Special Skin"?

DRY? Give your skin the extra benefits of a very rich *lanolin* cream—Pond's Dry Skin Cream. Homogenized—to soak in better. Has a special emulsifier, for extra softening aid. Each night smooth it on over face and throat and leave on 5 to 15 minutes—or overnight for *very* dry skin.

OILY? Use Pond's Liquefying Cream for your "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment. Light textured cleansing cream, melts instantly, tissues off quickly.

DULL? *Darkened by Exposure?* Whenever your skin has been overexposed to wind and weather . . . looks rough and coarsened and darker than it should—a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream will restyle your complexion *quickly*. Spread the cream lavishly over your face—all but eyes. The "keratolytic" action of the cream loosens and dissolves off curling dead skin cells. After one full minute, tissue off clean. Results are immediate! Your face looks brighter, clearer . . . feels softer, Make-up goes on with silky ease—and clings.

And now your make-up! Pond's Angel Face

A sensational new make-up that's easier to apply—no water, no greasy fingertips. And it stays on longer than powder! A smoothing "cling" ingredient is pressure-fused into Angel Face. Makes it go on evenly—*stay on*. Not a cake make-up though . . . not drying, gives a softer look. Not greasy. (Angel Face can't spill in your handbag either!)

Play with your face a bit, too!

Sit down in front of your mirror and try on some different faces! Be bold—try some experiments with *new* dramatic make-up colors. Just for example . . .

. . . take two wonderful blue-pink lipsticks, Pond's "Lips" in Black Blaze and Heart Throb. With the darker shade, outline the curved lipline. Then smooth the lighter shade all over the lips. This highlights the sweet curve of your lips—makes them look *rounder!* Try other experiments in color—Pond's has eight "Lips" shades for you to play with.

. . . blend a little of your Pond's "Cheeks" up around the cheekbones and *over* the eyes—very youthifying, the "reflected glow" of rouge used this way.

There are fascinating new possibilities in your face. Find them!

Charting a New Way of Living can be Fun!

It's easy to break an old habit and make a new one, if you follow certain definite steps.

FIRST, *IMAGINE* it! Picture yourself as you *want* to look. It's a wonderfully *freeing* exercise! That image of the New You is the first step of *action*.

SECOND, *PREPARE for it!* Make a little ceremony of ribboning back your hair, setting out your jars.

THIRD, *START* it! Today! Not tomorrow!

FOURTH, *PERSIST* in it! Don't miss a single day. Do everything the same way every day.

FIFTH, *SUCCESS!* Each time you complete your beauty work successfully, you get a glow of increased self-esteem that makes it easy for you to continue the good work!

REMEMBER—the You that others see first is in your face. To develop the beauty of your own face is not vanity—it makes you a more worthwhile, distinctive person, brings the real You closer to other people.

You *can* gain new power over yourself, be more vital, more lovely.

To help you look the woman you want to be—the world's most famous beauty aids.

Yes...he's used to the best!

He pays $500 for his ship's model...

...yet only 5¢ for the best sparkling water!

EVERVESS Yes, Yes!

Makes drinks taste better—costs less!

YES ... It's bonded for quality by a famous surety company.

YES ... It gives you a dime-size bottle for a nickel!

BONDED FOR QUALITY

Product of Pepsi-Cola Company

HOW TO GIVE QUICK REST TO TIRED EYES

Just put [illegible] of gentle Murine in each eye. Quick as a wink your eyes feel refreshed, clear. Perhaps you've had a sniffle or irritation. Murine may help as it has for millions. Soothing as a cooling tear. Buy a bottle of Murine today. Murine Co., Dept. C-11, Chicago 11, Illinois.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

A skin all blotchy with blackheads and superficial skin blemishes can sure get you down. So take a tip from those who follow the Pompeian way to cleaner, more radiant complexions. Here's all you do:

First, apply hot towel. Then massage your face with Pompeian Milk Massage Cream. See! That clean, pink cream rolls off a dirt grey. It removes the surface accumulation of oily dirt from pore orifices, and aids in the mechanical removal of blackheads, too. Your face glows with that healthy look that massage and good circulation produce. Get famous Pompeian Milk Massage Cream and get ahead!

POMPEIAN Milk Massage Cream

For BACKACHES that come from LUMBAGO

- Are you suffering from the muscular back pains that often come from lumbago?
- Try Johnson's BACK PLASTER—the one product made specifically for relieving the stabbing, nagging pains of backache. Tests show it helps nearly 9 out of every 10 sufferers.
- *What it is:* This adhesive plaster contains a mild medication that stirs up circulation. Like taking a heating pad to work with you.
- *How it helps you:* The plaster brings the healing and warming blood to the sore spot. Tense muscles relax and the pain eases. The warming pad guards against chilling, supports twitching muscles, cuts down those jabs of pain.
- Save days of agony. Keep plasters on hand. The next time you feel a backache starting—slap one on right away! Made by Johnson & Johnson—known for fine surgical dressings for 60 years. At all drug stores.

Johnson's BACK PLASTER

FEELS GOOD ON THE BACK

Teen-Age Tempest

Banish Frats and Sororities?

WE stirred up a hornets' nest when we asked for letters on high school and college sororities and fraternities. The "pros" and the "cons" came out about even, but today we're going to let the "cons" have their say.

Barbara Crenshaw of Piedmont, Calif., and **Alane Shepard**, West Palm Beach, Fla., complain about the cruel initiations for new members — especially beatings and the nauseating preparations they are forced to eat and drink.

Dolores C. De Biase of Syracuse, N. Y., considers sororities and fraternities discriminating and undemocratic.

Joan Hamlin of Hackensack, N. J., does not like being sized up like a mongrel pup before being asked to join a social group. "It makes you feel so mangy," she writes, "as though your parents hadn't brought you up properly."

Frank Parker of Agnews, Calif., says frat membership is an expensive luxury while incomes are low.

While **Donald Haverstrom** of Jamaica, N. Y., is corresponding secretary of Sigma Delta Phi, Zeta Chapter, and in favor of frats, he's against cruel hazing.

Mrs. Marian Kreft of Chicago remembers her hazing with horror. "I had many pleasures, privileges and friends that would not have been mine without it (membership in Tri Delta at Lawrence College, Appleton, Wis.)" she writes, "but I'd never go through it again for anything.

"If," she adds, "my baby can be talked into remaining independent 17 years from now she won't undergo similar torture either."

Mrs. Kreft tells of being given emetics with food and having her body painted. She and some of her classmates were spanked until they couldn't lie down. One girl fainted and had to go to a doctor with her swollen upper thighs.

Max Hyder, Jr., of Bedford, Ind., is in favor of frats but only if members are elected by popular vote as they are in the Order of the Arrow, a national scouting fraternity.

Jim Downing of South Gate, Calif., says frats are entirely too social. "They're O.K. for the pupil who goes to college to have fun," he writes, "and bad for students who take education seriously."

Joy Martin of Bartlesville, Okla., says her brother's eyes were injured during hazing. He was made to look at a very bright electric light.

Jan Gallagher of Detroit and **Nancy McNamara** of Staten Island, N. Y., think sororities and fraternities are quick, sure killers of school unity and spirit. Cliques—all snobbing each other, they point out, don't make for good school cooperation.

One of **Bob Beecher's** Chicago friends suffered an acute case of ptomaine poisoning from a sickening liquid he had to drink during fraternity initiation.

Next week the people who favor fraternities and sororities will present their side of the argument. If you want to get into this debate write to the Teen-Age Editor, The American Weekly, 63 Vesey St., New York, N. Y.

U. T.

Many Sorority Members Have Unpleasant Memories of the Beatings They Took and the Sickening Concoctions They Drank in High School and College.

Are Parents Old-Fashioned?

SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD Frederick E. Stiles of Fort Ann, N. Y., says he's not talking about his own folks when he writes about parents not keeping up with the times.

"Some parents," he writes, "just don't realize their children are growing up in a day and age quite different than their own. They deny kids the things they should have now. They're always saying things like 'I never had a car in my day' and 'I would have thought a dollar a week was a fortune.'

"Too many of our fathers and mothers take modern conveniences and customs as their due, but expect children to live as they did back in their own childhood. I say it's selfish, and that such nagging doesn't make sense. And, that's why many well-bred children become delinquents."

Well, what do you think of this complaint?

Gray Hair

If your hair is graying, if it's drab and colorless, if it looks "washed out", or if you are not happy about the color of your hair, **CLAIROL** is your answer. *For **CLAIROL** is the world's most natural-looking hair coloring. Beauticians say, "**CLAIROL** often helps make a woman look ten years younger"—And in one quick treatment too. If you are unhappy with the hair coloring you are now using—if it gives your hair an artificial look—then you owe it to your "audience" to follow the advice of experts and switch to **CLAIROL** this very day.

** Proof that Clairol colors hair as nature's plan may be seen at Clairol Instruction Center, 510 Avenue of the Americas, N. Y.*

Caution: Use only as directed on the label

FINE STRONG CHILDREN

You'll be proud of your strong, husky children when you give them Scott's Emulsion every day! Scott's is a "gold mine" of *natural* A&D Vitamins and energy-building natural oil. Helps children grow right, develop sound teeth, strong bones. Helps ward off colds when they lack enough A&D Vitamin food. Many doctors recommend it. Economical. Buy today at your drug store.

MORE than just a tonic — *it's powerful nourishment!*

SCOTT'S EMULSION HIGH ENERGY TONIC

Don't "Pick" SKIN BLEMISHES from external causes

MEDICATED Resinol acts fast to relieve itchy smarting of surface pimples, lessen desire to "pick" and scratch, and thus quicken healing. Wash well with Resinol Soap—apply soothing Resinol—watch results.

At all druggists. Buy today.

RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP

TRY HANDY VICKS INHALER—

Cold-Stuffed Nose Feels Clearer IN SECONDS!

VICKS Inhaler

Use as often as needed

RELIEVE SKIN TROUBLE THIS TESTED WAY

If externally-caused pimples, eczema, or other minor skin irritations are making you miserable and embarrassed, try this 10-Day Test. Apply clean, pleasant-scented MERCIREX (*merry-rex*) Ointment every day according to directions in package. Mercirex is medicated with SIX active ingredients that help soothe itching, smarting pimples and bumps, help correct dryness, prevent local infection. Flesh-tinted, stainless. Can be used any time. Money back if not satisfied after 10 days. Ointment, 60¢. Mercirex Soap, 25¢. Mercirex Shampoo, 50¢. At drugstores.

MERCIREX FOR THE SKIN

OINTMENT SOAP SHAMPOO

When baby's bad temper means

"Childhood Constipation"

...give Fletcher's Castoria!

"It's the laxative made especially for infants and children."

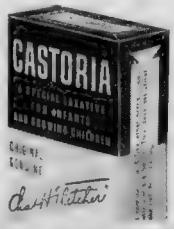
WHEN your baby's happy smiles turn into sleepless tears and bad temper because of "Childhood Constipation" ... you'll be a wise mother if you do this:

Give him Fletcher's Castoria. It's thorough and effective Yet so gentle, it won't upset his sensitive digestive system.

Unlike adult laxatives which may be too harsh Fletcher's Castoria is specially made for children. It contains no harsh drugs, and will not cause griping or discomfort.

And Fletcher's Castoria has such a pleasing taste that children really love it. They take it gladly, without any struggle. Caution: Use only as directed.

***Get Fletcher's Castoria** at your drugstore today. Look for the green band on the package. It identifies the original and genuine product.*



Chas. H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

The original and genuine

NASAL IRRITATION?

that's a job for *"Comfy"* and *"Minty"* the MENTHOLATUM TWINS

Quick **MENTHOLATUM**

● When nasal irritation corks up nostrils, or leaves nose lining dry and "burning," quick! reach for Mentholatum, containing comforting Camphor and minty Menthol. Spread it gently in and around nostrils. Quickly, it works to help thin out thick mucus. And medicated vapors penetrate far back to comfort irritated membranes. Before you go to sleep, spread Mentholatum in nostrils. See how clear your head feels in the morning. Get Mentholatum.

ALSO RELIEVES CHEST-COLD TIGHTNESS, HEAD-COLD STUFFINESS AND CHAPPING

Too Lucky to Live

THE fabled luck of the Irish is nothing to that of the Chinese—when a Celestial's good fortune is really working.

The crew of the British steamer Fort Abitibi, and in time all the gamblers in Melbourne, Australia, came to know this recently when "Lucky" Ling, the freighter's Chinese bos'n, began stepping ashore to kill a little time in one of the many waterfront gambling halls.

Ling, an amiable chap, wasn't unduly avaricious. His chief interest in life was

Night After Night the Chinese Bos'n Went Ashore and Won a Pocketful of Money.

a miniature garden of dwarf shrubs which he cultivated in boxes aboard ship. It was only after getting his garden into tip-top shape that he went out to seek the favors of Lady Luck.

Around three o'clock one misty morning he returned and handed a fistful of banknotes to Don Reavley, the ship's second engineer. "Please count him," he requested.

Don whistled in surprise and counted $3,000 worth. "Poker," Ling explained.

The next night, his garden requiring only a little sprinkling, Ling put a few dollars in his pocket and went out again.

He returned with a $5,000 wad for his English friend to count. "Craps," Ling said blandly. "Velly nice game. I learn him from some Amelican fellas."

NIGHT after night it went that way. Roulette, fan tan, any game, Ling's luck brought him a pocketful of money. Finally there was $20,000 neatly stacked in a little box under his bunk.

"That about enough, Mister Don," Ling said. "I play one more time, then go home and buy farm near Canton."

It was too bad that only Engineer Reavley knew of his determination. For early next morning, as Ling neared the ship's pier with an additional $2,000 in his pockets, a crash of gunfire aroused the waterfront.

And Ling, the unfailing winner, fell dead. Some of Melbourne's gamblers had decided they couldn't afford to buck Chinese competition any longer, his friends surmised.

"He was a lucky bloke," one of Ling's shipmates said regretfully. "Just too bloomin' lucky to live."

Q. Why has Merle Oberon switched to new improved DRENE Shampoo?

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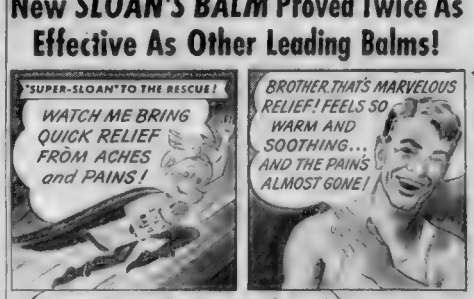
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Letters to the Editor

THE writer has introduced a bill to regulate the handling, sale and distribution of barbiturates in the Ohio State Legislature. I have been informed that your research bureau would have information concerning the promiscuous use of these barbiturates by persons, and whether crimes have been committed by reason of such use. Any data you can furnish me in this regard will be greatly appreciated.

E. M. Rose, Ohio House of Representatives,
Columbus, Ohio.

(The American Weekly furnished Representative Rose with nine stories, published in the past two years, on the dangers of unrestricted sale of barbiturates. The following letter is his acknowledgment.—Ed.)

Permit me to express my sincere appreciation for your cooperation. Unfortunately, the bill I introduced died in the Health Committee of the House. I have since learned that there was terrific pressure to keep the bill from having a hearing, although everybody agreed such legislation would be of great public benefit.

I trust that perhaps the next legislature will see fit to enact a bill controlling the sale of barbiturates.

E. M. Rose

* * *

In the past few years, I have been advocating the principle of "tithing" in the Lutheran Church. My efforts, through joint stewardship campaigns, have met with a great measure of success. Therefore, your recent article, "God Is My Partner," was very interesting to me. I should like permission to make reprints of this fine article.

Rev. H. F. Zehnder,
Zion Evangelical Lutheran Church
Bay City, Mich.

(Permission granted.—Ed.)

* * *

We were very much interested in your article, "Swing Discovers Rachmaninoff," by Sigmund Spaeth. We know that many of our teen-age readers would enjoy it, too. May we have permission to run it in Music Magazine?

E. W. MacAdam, Editor
Cleveland, Ohio

(Permission granted, subject to Mr. Spaeth's approval.—Ed.)

* * *

Congratulations on your Labor Day cover by Artist Leyendecker. It is a great picture, full of the prayer of America for "peace to men of good will"—the working man, the industrialist and the Spirit of Victory.

I never miss The American Weekly. It's tops with

Jack Finan
South Fork, Pa.

* * *

We read with interest Dan Parker's "Race Horses and Their Pets." He certainly collected an amazing number of animal friendships. I wonder if he, and your readers, know that the expression "so and so got his goat" grew from the practice of removing the pet goat and thereby upsetting the horse before a race.

A highstrung thoroughbred can be completely overcome with hysteria at the loss of its pal, and often it is too late to substitute another. It's interesting to trace the origin of these ancient sayings.

Mabel M. Richardson,
San Marino, Calif.

* * *

I read John Erskine's story of "Rebecca" in your "Women in the Bible" series. I have always loved that story but was disturbed at the way her name was spelled in The American Weekly. I would suggest it be spelled "Rebekah," since that is the way it is spelled in the Bible.

Fanne E. Irwin
Coraopolis, Pa.

(Both "Rebekah" and "Rebecca" are phonetic translations from the ancient Hebrew. Either is correct, but The American Weekly feels that the latter spelling is in more common use today.—Ed.)

* * *

I was greatly interested in your recent story of the marriage of Mrs. George Webster, widow of the slain Dr. Webster of Providence, R. I., to Byron K. Annabee, the detective whose help was such great consolation in her hour of stress.

Being a Providence-ian, I have saved all the clippings on this interesting and, as yet, unsolved murder case. Your article was well written and true to the last detail. Thanks.

Mrs. Muriel E. Eddy
Providence, R. I.

* * *

Just a note to let you know how much I enjoy The American Weekly. I used to get it just once in a while, but now I darn near break my neck to make sure I read it from cover to cover!

Mrs. C. M. Peden
Foster, Oregon

The Drama of a Bonanza

THAT fabulous treasure of gold and silver, the Comstock Lode, was hidden by nature in Nevada's Sun Mountain, and dug out by many men.

Some of these men became millionaires—and founded great fortunes. Others lost their shirts, and their lives.

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This will be the first of several stories of historic bonanzas, each dramatically illustrated in color.

WHAT'S the most important year in your life? Several eminent American physicians and psychologists say it's the second year.

The months between your second and third birthdays, they believe, is the time when the foundations for your physical and mental well-being are solidly, or sloppily, laid. Every parent and prospective parent will find something to think about in "The Second Year Is the Hardest," one of the many interesting features in the next issue of The American Weekly.

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HEINZ SOUPS

One Tin of Milk or Water + One Tin of Soup = Double the Quantity

GOOD THINGS TO MAKE FROM *Dried Fruit*

by Betty Blake

Here's a real "house party" Coffee Cake that serves up to 16 people. Delicious for breakfast or forrating anytime

PRUNE COFFEE CAKE

Prepare a sponge by dissoling 4 compressed yeast cakes in 1 cup lukewarm milk. Add 1 tablespoon salt, 2 cups sifted all-purpose flour, ad beat. Cover and set in a warm place; hour to rise. Meanwhile mix the following batter:

1½ cups uncooked UNSWEET Tenderized Prunes
1 cup water
½ cup granulatersugar
¼ cup butter
½ teaspoon Cinnamon
2 eggs, beaten
3½ cups sifted fpurpose flour

Wash Prunes, drain at in small pieces, and let stand in theater 1 hour. Cream sugar, butter and nmamon, and combine with sponge Add prunes (do not drain), beaten eggand flour. Beat well, cover, and let re in a warm place 1 hour. Beat downpour into well-greased pan, and let rise40 minutes. Bake 30 minutes at 400°.

• • •

Here's a quick trick that lends a newmd delicious flavor to SUNSWEETS. Fill a jar with SUNSWEET "Tenderized" Prunes, thenfill it to the brim with orange pineapple, or your favorite fruitjuice. Cover and set it in your refrigerator for 48 hours or longer to "ripen." M-m-m-m!

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For Happy Hints on Skin Care Read Sally Young's Column in This Issue

Household Almanac

— Amy Alden

It's Hallow-e'en Party Time

A Fat and Saucy Cat Heads the Party.

THE eve of All Saints' Day is the day for children's parties. Make the most of it and let your child have the party he's been asking for so often.

These party suggestions will delight the smaller tots and they will add to the fun of the day. A special favorite is the decorated orange shell filled with ice cream which may be topped with a villainous looking black hat. Black Cat Cookies with long whiskers parade across the table chased by witches' hats sitting on chocolate frosted cookies. Tip the hat and it covers a scoop of ice cream.

Watching all this are Hallow-e'en faces cut from pieces of bread with dates for eyes and orange rind hair. In the center of the spookie table is a dutch oven cauldron with a black beverage—cocoa or cider ready for the thirsty ones.

While the tots are enjoying spooks, the older youngsters can make candied apples on a stick, or pull molasses taffy in between dunking for apples or searching out hidden chocolate doughnuts.

Spook's Special

(For the Young Fry)
Ice Cream Spooks
Black Cat Cookies
Black-as-Night Beverage

Ice Cream Spooks

Cut slice from top of each large orange. Remove pulp and juice; scrape out excess white membrane. Cut thin slice from stem end to make a flat base. Make spook's face. For eyes, cut a large grape in half crosswise, and use each half as an eye; attach eyes to orange with ½ in. pieces of toothpick. For nose, use a clove. For mouth, pare off large piece of apple skin, then shape with scissors to form mouth with jagged edge for teeth. Attach to orange with small pieces of toothpick. Chill. At serving time, fill ¾ full with vanilla ice cream, top with cornucopia hats made of black drawing paper.

Black Cat Cookies

Melt ¾ cup semi-sweet chocolate pieces in top of double boiler over warm water; then keep water warm enough to prevent hardening. Place ½ tsp melted chocolate in center of each 4 in. round vanilla cookie. Then lay a chocolate covered peppermint wafer on top of this melted chocolate, and allow to harden in place. With chocolate peppermint as body of cat outline his head, ears, eyes, nose, whiskers, legs, and tail on cookie, using toothpick dipped in melted chocolate.

Bewitched

Hallow-e'en Faces
Witch's Hat
Enchanted Witch's Brew

Hallow-e'en Faces

With kitchen scissors, cut 3¾ in. rounds from white bread slices. Spread with peanut butter. Then, with cut-up dates, make eyes, nose, and mouth on each. Arrange grated orange rind in ¼ in. band around top edge of peanut butter to represent hair.

Witch's Hat

Use ice cream cones for the crown and large round vanilla cookies – about 4 ins in diameter—for the brims. With chocolate icing, frost cookies and make 2 in. band around wide end of cone. Then, at serving time, fill cones with vanilla ice cream and invert on cookies.

Apples on a Stick

2 cups granulated sugar
⅓ cup white corn syrup
¾ cup water
Red coloring
½ tsp. cinnamon flavoring
12 red apples
12 wooden skewers

Cook the granulated sugar, corn syrup, and water in a small saucepan, stirring until the sugar is dissolved. Continue cooking without stirring until a temperature of 300° F. is reached, or until the syrup is brittle when tested in cold water. During the cooking, any sugar crystals thrown on the sides of the pan should be washed down with a wet cloth wrapped around the tines of a fork. Remove the syrup from the heat and set at once over hot water. Add coloring and flavoring, and mix well. Insert the skewers which can be purchased from the butcher, in the blossom end of the clean apples. Hold each apple by the skewer and plunge into the hot syrup. Draw it out quickly and twirl it until the syrup is spread smoothly over the apple. Place with the skewer end down in a cake rack which has been placed over a large bowl, and cool until coating is firm. We found it helpful to use waterproof utility gloves to protect the apples. These apples should be made the day they are to be used. Makes 12.

Molasses Taffy

2 cups light molasses
2 tsps. vinegar
1½ tbsps. butter or margarine
⅛ tsp. salt
½ tsp. baking soda

Cook molasses and vinegar in a large saucepan slowly, stirring constantly, to 260° F. or until a little of the syrup dropped in cold water becomes brittle. Remove from heat and add butter, salt and baking soda. Stir until mixture ceases to foam, then pour into a greased pan about 12"x8"x1". When cool enough to pull, draw corners toward the center. Press together, then pull the candy until it is light in color, and begins to harden. Then pull into 2 long strips ½" in diameter and cut with scissors into pieces 1" long. Wrap in waxed paper. Makes 80 pieces.

Amelia's Chocolate Filled Doughnuts

¾ of a 7-oz. cake semi sweet chocolate
6 tbsps. cream
2½ cups milk
1 cake fresh yeast
¾ cup sugar
7½ cups sifted flour
¾ cup butter or margarine
3 eggs, separated
1 whole egg
½ cup sour cream
1 tsp. salt

Grate the chocolate; add cream, stir until smooth and set aside. Heat ½ cup of milk to lukewarm; stir in the yeast, 2 tsps. of sugar, and 1 tbsp. of flour. Cream the butter and sugar. Add 3 egg yolks, and the whole egg, beat until light and fluffy. Add yeast mixture and sour cream. Then stir in remaining flour, which has been sifted with the salt, alternately with milk remaining. Beat until bubbles begin to form on surface of dough. Then sprinkle 1 tbsp. flour over surface; pat down slightly, cover, let rise in warm place until nearly double in bulk (about 2 hours).

Roll out ½ dough at a time on floured board to ½" thickness. With floured 2½in. cookie cutter, cut out a number of rounds, leaving enough dough for an equal number of rounds. On the uncut rolled out dough, mark, but do not cut, an equal number of rounds. Then place a rounded ½ tsp. of the chocolate mixture in the center of each of the uncut rounds.

Brush the edges of the rounds with white of slightly beaten egg; then place rounds on top of these uncut rounds, pressing the edges together. Now cut down through these completed rounds, thus forming doughnuts. Arrange on floured baking sheet; cover, and allow to rise until light.

Fry for 2 min. on each side, turning once, in 1½" oil heated to 370° F. or hot enough to brown a cube of bread in 60 seconds. Do not crowd. Drain on crumpled paper toweling. Makes 42.

Amy Alden may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, plus a three cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 588, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

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- ☐ (87) New Vegetable Recipes
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- ☐ (91) Almanac Cookies
- ☐ (92) New Cookies
- ☐ (98) Children's Party Recipes
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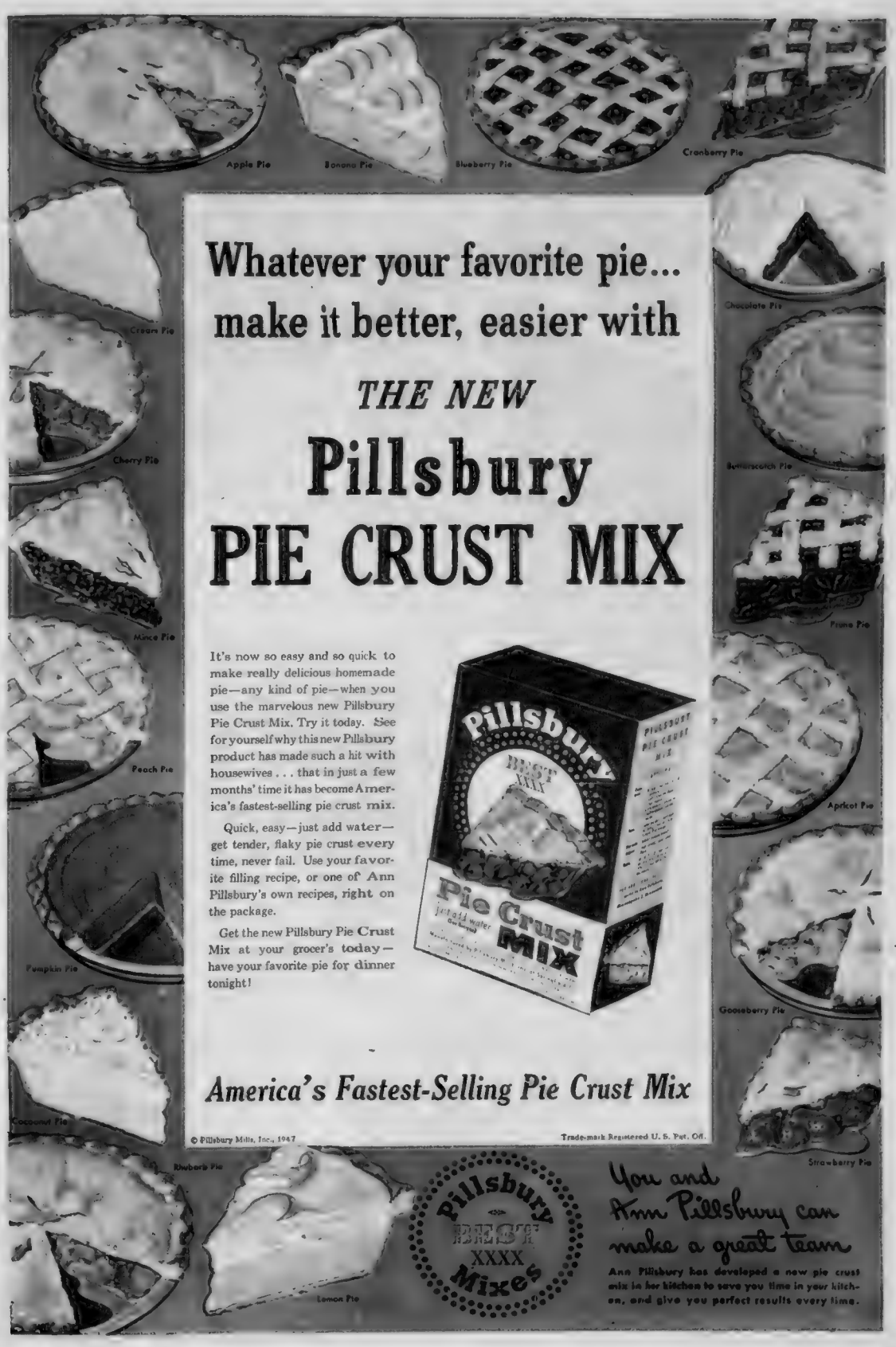

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The Epicure

PORTLAND'S CHICKEN CACCIATORE

By FRED ALLEN

ALTHOUGH there are those who are of the opinion that radio comedians are untouched by the necessity of thinking and breathing, you can take it from me that most of us do have to eat. As for me—I love eating, especially highly spiced foods. Italian dishes, in particular, rate number one.

Portland is really an expert when it comes to preparing my favorite recipes. If you ever tried her Chicken Cacciatore, I'm sure you'd agree. It's my favorite dish. Here's how Portland prepares it:

- 2 frying chickens, about 2 to 3 lbs. each
- ¼ cup olive oil
- 2 medium size onions, minced
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1 red pepper, minced
- 2½ cups Italian plump tomatoes
- 1 can tomato paste
- 1½ tsps. salt
- ¼ tsp. black pepper
- Dash of red pepper seeds
- Chunk of muzzarella cheese

First disjoint and cut the chickens into pieces for frying. Then saute in olive oil for 15 to 20 minutes, or until golden brown. Portland adds onions, garlic and pepper the very last minute, and browns the ingredients slightly.

Mix together the remaining ingredients and add to the chicken mixture. Portland then covers the pan and allows everything to simmer for about 30 minutes, or until the chicken is tender.

If desired, add additional seasoning to suit your particular taste. Add muzzarella cheese and serve on hot platter. Everyone from Ajax Cassidy to Mrs. Nussbaum and Senator Claghorn goes for Portland's Chicken Cacciatore.

A good and different way of serving Italian bread is to slice the loaf lengthwise and spread with a mixture of butter, chopped chives, parsley and a slight touch of garlic. Heat the bread in the oven and serve hot. A green salad and Chianti wine are necessary to complement the deliciousness of the dish.

Fred Allen, Leading Radio Comedian, Lives a Conspicuously Quiet Life With His Wife Portland Hotta in Their New York Apartment. They Both Like Movies and Boxing Matches.

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New Patterns

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3845—Flattering gown with slender lines, slim waist tucks. Make sleeveless, long sleeves, or cap sleeves. Sizes 34,52. Size 36 takes 3¾ yards 39-inch. Embroidery transfer included.

3094—Add charm to your home with this crocheted doily in pineapple design. Simple to do. Use singly or in sets. Large doily 18 inches in No. 30 cotton. Directions for 2.

Price of each pattern 30 CENTS (in coins). Print plainly SIZES, STYLE NUMBERS, NAME, ADDRESS. Send orders to: THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, Pattern Department, Box 266, Station F, Brooklyn 26, N. Y.

Due to customs restrictions, Canadian orders cannot be filled.

Yes, it's true... although, like many other foods, tuna costs more now, it's really an "economy" food. It's nothing short of magic the big, hearty "main dishes" you can make from a little can of these famous tunas!

That's because every can is chuck-full of quality tuna... no bones... no waste! Rich in nutritional values, too... proteins, vitamins "A" and "D," minerals and other vital food elements.

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in 10 minutes
WITHOUT WATER

Freshly-scented MINIPOO Shampoo Powder with handy mitt applicator is so easy to use! No soap! No rinsing! No drying! Removes oil, dirt, unpleasant hair odors! Retains wave! Restores sheen!

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30 Shampoos with Mitt $1.00 plus tax

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It's wear proof! Easy to put on with needle and thread with damp cloth . . . and if not easily cleaned, your entire garment is preserved against its protection against bruises! scratches in black, brown, green or blue. Available Sold with a money back guarantee!

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Beauty BY MAIL

By Sally Young

HOW often have you looked into your mirror and said, "I ought to have some advice about caring for my skin." It's all very well, you decide, for Cousin Sue and Aunt Til to tell you what they think you ought to do. But do they really know your skin? Do you really know it yourself?

Are you sure, for instance, that you should be using lubricating cream at night? And should you always use a foundation under your make-up? If so, what kind—cake, cream or liquid? What do you do about oily spots on a generally dry complexion?

THERE are so many questions every woman wants answered about her own beauty problems that she'd do well to consult a skin expert. However, because of her budget, or because she lives where there's no such service available, she never gets that advice.

No need for you to go without it, though. There's barely a beauty house around that doesn't do its utmost to cater to just such as you. Upon request they'll send you a skin examination chart whereby you may obtain your beauty advice through the mails.

If the chart is thorough, it will ask questions about your age, cleansing routine, the kind of make-up used, where your skin is oily and where it is dry, and what blemishes appear where. It may ask where wrinkles are forming and where blackheads have formed, and any number of the other pertinent facts.

Some charts also go into your coloring in order to give you advice on make-up shades.

To show you how such a chart works, suppose you're Mary Smith of Jonesville. Mary is 26, frequently has pimples on her forehead. She has blackheads on the nose and chin, and fine lines around her eyes. She is mainly concerned about large pores.

That's an awful lot the matter with one face, but it tells a beauty adviser that Mary shouldn't be using a heavy overnight cream to add to her already oily condition. Mary should have advice on her cleansing routine, and perhaps on her diet, too.

But if her skin is oily, what about those fine lines around the eyes? They indicate dryness. It's quite common to have dry skin areas on an oily complexion. So . . . Mary should use an eye cream. She should take care not to let the cream get on the oily portions of her face.

USUALLY blackheads and enlarged pores also can be conquered with proper care. Perhaps thorough scrubbing agents and a beauty mask would be advised.

There is generally no fee for this personalized beauty advice. And to help you start your new beauty routine, the beauty counselor usually attaches a list of suggested cosmetics.

Sally Young may be addressed at The American Weekly, Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 382, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

BEAUTY

- ☐ (1) Skin Care
- ☐ (2) Teen-Age Beauty Guide
- ☐ (3) Care of Precious Eyes
- ☐ (4) How to Trim Your Figure
- ☐ (5) A Guide to Shapely Legs
- ☐ (6) For Beautiful Hair
- ☐ (7) Hand Care
- ☐ (8) 7-Day Diet
- ☐ (9) Lose or Gain by Exercise
- ☐ (10) Banish Superfluous Hair
- ☐ (11) Face, Throat and Neck Massage

Not a shadow of a doubt—

You're poised, self-assured, because you *know* no telltale outlines show when you choose Kotex. The special flat, pressed ends of Kotex prevent revealing outlines...keep your secret safe. It's the napkin made to *stay soft* while you wear it! Just two of many important Kotex features, all *very personally yours.*

more women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

To make the most of the comfort Kotex gives you, ask today for a new Kotex Sanitary Belt. It's narrow . . . adjustable . . . all-elastic. Fits snugly . . . lets you bend without binding.

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Proves wonderful for
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Also Aids Healing!

Here's a Doctor's antiseptic formula —Zemo—a stainless *liquid* which appears *invisible* on skin—yet so highly medicated that first applications relieve itching, burning of Skin Rashes, Eczema, Psoriasis and similar surface skin and scalp irritations. Zemo is backed by an amazing record of *continuous* success! For stubborn cases use *Extra Strength* Zemo.

ZEMO

Make the Pretty Apron Pictured in the Pattern Feature in This Issue.

anyone can decorate fabrics with
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THIS CHRISTMAS—decorate your own! Make lovely, personalized gifts. Easy, inexpensive and washable.

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Dept. AW-4 Sandusky, Ohio

The BEST Cranberries are FRESH Cranberries

WOW! FRESH CRANBERRY SAUCE
WHEE! FRESH CRANBERRY TROPICAL RELISH
JOY! FRESH CRANBERRY CHIQUITA
'RAY! FRESH CRANBERRY ORANGE RELISH

Fresh 10-Minute Cranberry Sauce

(1 lb. fresh cranberries makes 2½ lbs. 10-Minute Sauce)

2 cups sugar
2 cups water
4 cups Eatmor Cranberries

Boil sugar and water together 5 minutes. Add cranberries and boil, without stirring, until all the skins pop open—about 5 minutes. Remove from heat; cool sauce in saucepan.

Fresh Cranberry Orange Relish

4 cups Eatmor Cranberries
2 oranges
2 cups sugar

Put cranberries through food chopper. Quarter whole oranges, remove seeds and put through chopper. Add sugar and mix well. Chill in refrigerator a few hours before serving. Makes 1 quart relish.

Fresh Cranberry Tropical Relish

4 cups Eatmor Cranberries
1 lemon, quartered and seeded
1 cup shredded pineapple, canned or frozen
2 cups sugar

Put cranberries and lemon through food chopper. Add shredded pineapple and sugar; mix well. Chill in refrigerator several hours before serving. Makes 1 quart relish.

Fresh Cranberry Chiquita

2 cups sugar
1⅓ cups water
4 cups Eatmor Cranberries
3 all-yellow bananas

Boil sugar and water together 5 minutes. Add cranberries and boil, without stirring, until all the skins pop open—about 5 minutes. Remove from heat; fold in bananas cut in ½-inch slices. Cool in sauce pan, then chill for several hours. Makes about 1 quart sauce.

BARGAIN: 1 lb. of fresh cranberries makes 2½ lbs. of fresh 10-minute Cranberry Sauce.

●

It's an appetizer—it's a relish—it's a salad—it's a dessert! What? Cranberry Orange Relish! Serve BIG helpings! Have it often.

●

Fresh-grown—Fresh-picked—Fresh-packed—Fresh-tasting—Don't miss this year's fresh cranberry crop. The season's short. Buy fresh cranberries early! Buy them often!

●

For color, for flavor, for fun—fresh, tangy, good-for-everyone cranberries!

●

Sure thing—chicken or turkey and cranberry sauce are *like that!* But did you ever try pork chops and Cranberry Sauce? Or roast veal? Or baked ham? Or cold cuts? Or your favorite fish? It's a quick meal cheerer-upper—*fresh* Cranberry Sauce!

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A Dentist created this marvelous plastic plate re-liner after years of experiment and professional experience! Dentral is odorless . . . tasteless . . . non-toxic. It is not a powder or paste. One tube at only $2 is sufficient for upper and lower plates . . . permanently! Don't suffer from sore gums and embarrassing plates caused by shrinking gums or ill-fitting.

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"I've even recommended Dentral to all my friends who have false teeth. We all agree its marvelous."

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"It sure is a pleasure to eat since I used Dentral."

These unsolicited testimonials, and thousands of others, on file in our offices.

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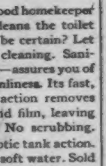
Will not injure septic tank action. Effective in hard or soft water. Sold everywhere. Two economical sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton 2 Ohio.



Sani-Flush
USE TWICE WEEKLY

Handling your *Radio* with care

By Doris Denison

ARE you sure you are getting the best possible performance from your radio? If you aren't, why not check on a few points during the next few days.

Good reception, clear tone, a minimum of static are yours when you follow a few simple fundamentals.

Volume Control

IF YOU can't hear distinctly it is probably for a lot of good reasons. Do you expect too much of your radio? Theoretically, it's a nice idea to tune in the living room radio loud enough so you can hear it while cleaning upstairs, but a radio cannot be tuned in accurately at high volume.

Volume should be kept low and care should be taken to see that the dial setting is directly on the carrier of the station, at the point where there is no distortion. When accurately tuned, the volume can then be increased to any desired level.

Possibly you are overloading the speaker. Excessively high volume puts undue pressure on the speaker and will eventually cause it to rattle, and in some cases break down completely.

Sound has a way of disappearing. Heavy hangings, upholstered furniture, soft fabrics will absorb it and you'll never know what you missed! If you want good performance, pull back those heavy draperies.

A radio is best located when the speaker faces toward the audience. Sound which goes blaring out toward walls and furniture makes for disturbing noises rather than clear reception. If you are not getting the results you should, try moving your radio around. When you have a choice as to where to place your radio, put it where there is the most free space. Then look at the back of your radio. If it is open in the back, put it several inches away from the wall.

Radio-Phonograph

NOW a word of advice if one of your sets is a combination radio-phonograph. About those records. It is important to keep them clean. Small cleaning brushes are available in all record stores. Also records should be kept away from radiators and other extreme sources of heat. The best method to preserve them is to keep them in albums.

Further Suggestions

IF YOUR radio has an open back, you may dust inside if you are careful to use a light touch and turn the radio off first. A fine wood cabinet needs the same kind of care that your other fine furniture requires. You should use a good furniture polish to keep the wood mellow and gleaming through the years. If your radio is all plastic, soap and water will remove the dirt stains without injuring the cabinet finish.

You should have your radio serviced regularly. A radio will often function even when some of the tubes are worn out, but the reception will certainly be less pleasing.

Doris Denison may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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HOUSEHOLD

- ☐ (21) Electric Equipment Care
- ☐ (22) Easy Laundering
- ☐ (23) Sewing for the Nursery
- ☐ (24) How to Braid a Rag Rug
- ☐ (25) It's Fun to Redecorate
- ☐ (26) Streamline Closets
- ☐ (27) Make Your Own Rugs
- ☐ (28) Dressing Table Covers
- ☐ (29) Dining Room Leaflets
- ☐ (30) Sew Right
- ☐ (31) How to Make Lampshades

ADVERTISEMENT

food tips
AND OTHER TIMELY HINTS
BY Betty Crocker

Minneapolis—Oct. 24 This column will be as helpful to you as my staff and I at General Mills can make it. Full of tempting recipes, menus, practical tips.

Having a Hallowe'en Party?

Ghosts and goblins walk this Friday night. For your party here's something new, with a luscious, tart-sweet apple flavor. Apple Cider Pie made with Pyequick, our wonderful product that gives you apple slices, plus piecrust mix, in one package.

Apple Cider Pie—Follow directions on Pyequick package. Substitute 1 cup sweetened apple cider for 1 cup of the water in regular recipe. Cider enhances the fresh, *natural* flavor of the apple slices. Gives tangy deliciousness, like *green* apple pie.

Pyequick, you know, is the modern quicker way to make scrumptious apple pie. You don't peel apples or cut in shortening! For your filling, you just add water and sugar to the apple slices and spice that come in larger carton in Pyequick package. You've never seen anything like those apple slices! Crisp, plump, cream-colored. Rich piecrust mix in smaller carton. Your pie is ready for the oven in 15 minutes! We promise you *fresh*-flavored apple filling. Tender, flaky pastry.

Cheese Pumpkin Garnish—*Cream processed American Cheddar cheese. Shape into balls. With a toothpick, mark lines to resemble grooves in a pumpkin. Cut stems from citron or gum drops. Serve a Cheese Pumpkin with each wedge of pie.*

"Tricks or Treats" A familiar call on Hallowe'en! For the young "ghosts" who stop at your door, *Chocolate Tingalings* are a grand "snatch-it-and-run" treat. Glossy chocolate clusters with crisp, crunchy centers. And so easy with Cheerios!

Melt two 7-oz. packages chocolate pieces (or milk chocolate) over hot water. Cool at room temperature. Stir in ½ box Cheerios (4 cups) until well coated. Drop by tablespoonfuls on waxed paper. Place in refrigerator until chocolate sets (2 hours). Store in cool place. Makes 42 clusters.

Such a wholesome confection for children! Cheerios not only taste good but are highly nutritious. This new ready-to-eat cereal is made of oats, richest of all cereal grains in vitamin B1. Cheerios are shaped like little doughnuts. Crisp and crunchy, with slightly nutty flavor so many people like. Do try Cheerios soon.

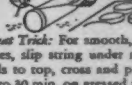
Jack-O-Lantern Drink Server The youngsters will love this! Hollow out a huge pumpkin. Outline Jack-O-Lantern face with black crayon. Fill with cracked ice and bottles of favorite soft drinks.

CRISP AUTUMN DAYS sharpen appetites. Here's a hearty, satisfying main dish—Golden Roll-Ups. Light, tender biscuit crust with savory filling. Crust so easy with Bisquick. Just add milk. Wonderfully delicious!

Golden Roll-Ups

2 cups flaked cooked chicken, ham, veal or salmon
½ cup well-seasoned gravy or white sauce to moisten
1 recipe biscuit dough (see Bisquick pkg.)

Roll biscuit dough ¼-in. thick into oblong 9 x 18 in. Mix flaked meat with gravy. Spread on biscuit dough. Roll up, beginning at wide side. Seal by pinching edge of dough into roll. Cut into slices 1½-in. thick.



(*Neat Trick:* For smooth, clean-cut slices, slip string under roll, bring ends to top, cross and pull.) Bake 25 to 30 min. on greased pan in hot oven (425° F.). Serve hot with hot gravy. Makes 12 Roll-Ups.

Hot Fruit Garnish—While spiced grapes, pickled crab apples and peaches have that spicy freshness, serve them *hot*—with Roll-Ups, Meat Pies, Chicken Shortcakes.

Ironing Short-cuts

Sort ironing by fabrics—Begin with those needing *low* temperatures—like Rayons. Then work up the dial to Cottons and Linens. The new General Mills Tru-Heat Iron has a Fabric Selector that gives the right heat for every fabric. So much *faster!* No stops to cool off iron. So much *safer!* No scorching, no rumpling rayons.

Iron with weave of fabric—Use broad sweeping strokes. No twisting with iron that tapers at back, like Tru-Heat. It's larger, longer, too.

Keep basket and rack handy so you won't have to move from ironing board. As each piece is finished, place on rack or hanger at right. Try these short-cuts . . . try the General Mills Tru-Heat Iron. See how much *faster* your ironing goes, with less effort.

• • •

Watch for more tips in this advertising food column next week. We'd like your comments and suggestions, too.

Betty Crocker of General Mills

FOR MORE FOOD IDEAS HEAR BETTY CROCKER'S RADIO PROGRAMS, MON. THROUGH FRI.

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